MAY
No. 612

Walt Disney's Comics

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In **WDC&S** 605, your response to Rodney Todd's letter was a little confused. There was never (to my knowledge) a **Mickey Mouse Magazine** published in Australia; Rodney recalls — as I do — the British **Mickey Mouse Weekly**, which was widely available here and which I too read as a child — I have its final 100 or so issues in my collection. It began in the mid-thirties, and from the beginning was distinguished by beautiful rotogravure color printing.

It carried (among much else) Barks and Gottfredson material, often reformatted, plus text stories and a liberal amount of non-Disney comics. During and after World War II, the paper shortage reduced its size and its frequency — issued fortnightly, it became simply **Mickey Mouse** until its weekly publication resumed.

Its final issue — 920 — appeared on December 28, 1957, leaving two serial stories in mid air. The following week it was replaced by **Zip**, which was built around **MMW**'s non-Disney strips, and another unrelated weekly called **Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse**, appeared in parallel, continuing the Disney features including the two serials.

Clearly, at the end of 1957 the Disney license had been lost by **MMW** and transferred to another publisher. Everybody lost, I think. Both of the new publications had fairly short lives.

There was a Disney comics line in Australia from the late 1940s until the 60s. Regular titles were: **Walt Disney Comics & Stories, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Giant Comics** (which incorporated Uncle Scrooge and many one-shots), and regular specials like **Vacation Parade, Christmas Parade** and some other lesser series.

Originally black and white, the line evolved into full color rotogravure. The publisher was the Australian Disney agent, Walter Grainger. These too are nostalgically remembered by grown up kids of my generation — many of whom, like I, have no doubt kept and treasured their childhood collections (my own children now read mine).

Finally, a comment from an Aussie viewpoint on **DDA** 41, "Cousin Bruce McDuck." Australians are often wryly amused — even sometimes wryly annoyed at the way their country is depicted in overseas comics. Australian trains and their conductors never looked like something out of a Hollywood western, and we have "stations" not "ranches." Wool is baled and kept in sheds rather than barns. Hats with turned-up brims are a traditional military uniform but they're otherwise not worn that way. Ok, I realize stereotypes are necessary in comics, but I couldn't let it pass!

That said, congratulations on the way you keep Disney comics alive and vital. Almost from the beginning I have subscribed to the whole Gladstone line and my children and I are avid readers. Keep it up. I don't know how many Aussie subscribers you have — I reckon there would be quite a few. It's only a pity that they don't seem to get newsagent distribution here!

Ray_Edmondson
@nfsa. gov.au.
Australia

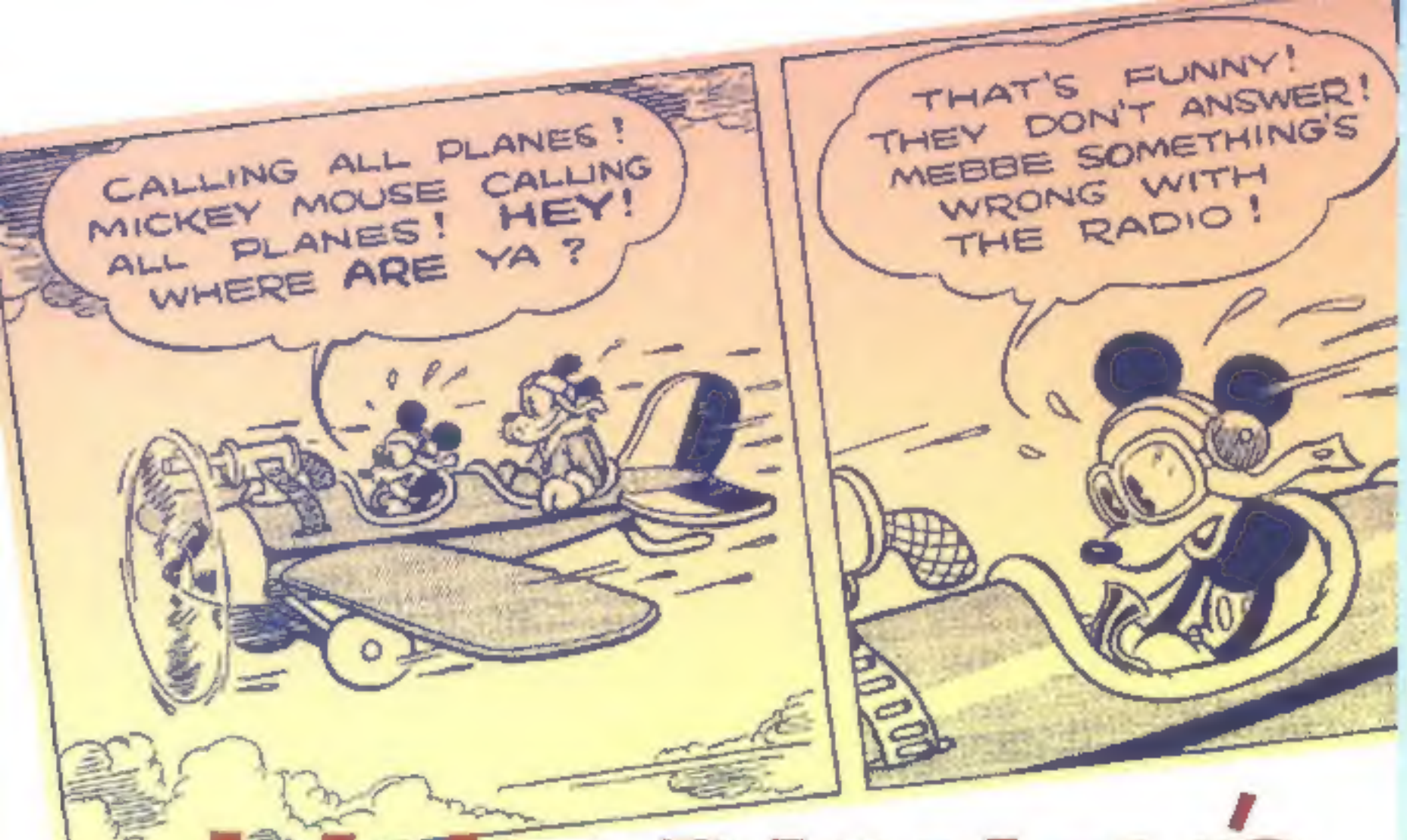
Thanks for your enlightening letter, Ray. As you guessed, we had misunderstood Rodney Todd's letter and thought the ***Mickey Mouse Magazine*** *he was referring to was an Australian publication. Your input is very informative and interesting.*

Sorry about the Australian stereotyping. I've heard similar comments from other parts of the globe — including the Yukon — about some of the stories we publish. As you know, much of our

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER

Walt Disney's Comics and Stories

GLADSTONE
Prescott, Arizona


CALLING ALL PLANES! MICKEY MOUSE CALLING ALL PLANES! HEY! WHERE ARE YA?
THAT'S FUNNY! THEY DON'T ANSWER! MEBBE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE RADIO!

WALT DISNEY'S COMICS and STORIES

IN THIS ISSUE: **Cover:** Art by William Van Horn, color by Gary Leach

Donald Duck **THE SOD COUPLE**	Story, Art and Lettering: William Van Horn Color: Susan Daigle-Leach
Mickey Mouse **THE MAIL PILOT** **Part 3 of 3**	Plot and Pencils: Floyd Gottfredson Story: Ted Osborne Inks: Ted Thwaites *(KFS 2/27-6/10/33)* Color: Mike McCormick and Colleen Winkler
The Li'l Bad Wolf **A DREAMY TALE**	Art: Gil Turner ***(WDC&S** 85, October 1947)* Color: Colleen Winkler
Chip 'N' Dale **LEAPFROG**	Art: Jack Bradbury ***(CD** 8, December 1956)* Color: Michael Myers
SCROOGE McDUCK'S **GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY**	**An Interview with Scrooge McDuck** by Michael Naiman
Gyro Gearloose **FORECASTING FOLLIES**	Story and Art: Carl Barks ***(Uncle Scrooge** 16, December 1956)* Color: Mike McCormick
REPORT FROM **DIAMOND MOUNTAIN**	Text: Geoffrey Blum Design: Gary Leach
Mickey Mouse **THE MYSTERY OF** **DIAMOND MOUNTAIN**	Art: Paul Murry ***(MM** 47, April 1956)* Color: Summer Hinton
Uncle Scrooge **THE INCREDIBLE** **SHRINKING TIGHTWAD** **Part 1 of 2**	Story and Art: Don Rosa Color: Susan Daigle-Leach

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ABOUT THE TITLE PAGE

Compleat Golfer depicts Donald as he'd like to be. An easy lie to the 9th hole, a cold soda on a hot day, and the kids doing all the work. One of the common family groupings for a **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** cover (#164, May 1954, from which this painting was adapted), but in which Donald — less commonly — has the upper hand over Huey, Dewey, and Louie. This painting is the first of twenty-six Carl Barks produced during 1975. The original oil measures 16" x 12" and is the ninety-second Duck painting Barks completed while doing commission work for Disney collectors.

WALT DISNEY'S

DONALD DUCK

the SOD COUPLE

WHY CAN'T YOU BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR, DUCK? HERE I AM, WORKING MY FINGERS TO THE BONE LANDSCAPING AND BEAUTIFYING MY PROPERTY AND FOR WHAT?

I LIVE NEXT DOOR TO AN EYESORE!

090123

OH, YEAH? AND JUST WHAT EYESORE ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

THAT HEDGE OF YOURS FOR ONE THING! IT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE OVERWEIGHT CATERPILLAR WEARING A FRIGHT WIG!

ANY OTHER COMPLAINTS?

YEAH! YOUR LAWN IS SCRUFFY, YOUR PLANTS ARE PITIFUL, AND THERE'S DUST ON YOUR FRONT PORCH!

IN SHORT, LIVING NEXT DOOR TO YOU, DUCK, IS MAKING ME LOOK BAD!

JONES, YOU'D LOOK BAD LIVING NEXT DOOR TO A TRAIN WRECK!

NOT GONNA BE NICE, EH? OKAY, DUCK - GET THIS! EITHER YOU GET YOUR YARD IN ORDER, OR I'M GONNA SIC THE CITY ON YA!

AND SO—

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, JONES HAS A POINT! OUR HEDGE **IS** A BIT ON THE FROWZY SIDE!

YEAH? SO WHY **US**? WE'RE JUST LITTLE KIDS!

WE SHOULD BE OUTSIDE **PLAYING**!

GETTING A LOT OF FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE!

YOU'LL GET ALL THE FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE YOU NEED TRIMMING THE HEDGE! NOW HOP TO IT! REMEMBER, MY SELF-ESTEEM IS AT STAKE!

IN THE MEANTIME, I THINK I'LL IMPROVE MY MIND WITH A NAP!

GRUMBLE! GRUMBLE!

AAH! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY TO DULL ONE'S MIND!

SNIP SNIP SNIP

THIS ISN'T FAIR! IT'S **HIS** SELF ESTEEM THAT UNCA DONALD IS WORRIED ABOUT!

AND IT'S **HIS** HEDGE!

LOOK AT THEM POOR, UNHAPPY TYKES! IT'S JUST LIKE THAT TRANSCENDENTALLY LAZY DUCK TO FOIST HIS RESPONSIBILITIES OFF ONTO HIS NEPHEWS!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO RATTLE THAT DUCK'S CAGE A BIT!

GOSH, BOYS, THAT LOOKS LIKE HARD WORK!

IT ISN'T FUN! THAT'S FOR SURE!

WE **NEVER** GET TO HAVE ANY FUN!

WHY NOT HAVE FUN AND TRIM THE HEDGE AT THE **SAME TIME**?

HOW ARE WE GOING TO MANAGE THAT?

IT'S EASY, BOYS! HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO... PSST...PSST...

TIME PASSES-

I WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT! THE BOYS ARE SNIPPING UP A STORM! THEY MUST BE DOING A REAL NUMBER ON THAT HEDGE!

SNIP SNIPPITY SNIP

SCORPIONS! VANDALS! DESPOILERS OF THE VINE!

WHAT DEMON HAS POSSESSED YOU? YOU'VE **RUINED** THE HEDGE!

NO WE HAVEN'T! IT'S **TOPIARY**!

MISTER JONES SAID THAT AS LONG AS OUR HEDGE WAS GOING TO RESEMBLE A CATERPILLAR, WE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE IT **OFFICIAL**!

OH, HE **DID**, DID HE? WELL, **TWO** CAN PLAY AT SKULDUGGERY!

SOON-

THERE! A NAIL IN THE STEERING COLUMN AND A ROCK UNDER THE BRAKE PEDAL!

JONES AND HIS PINT-SIZED JUGGERNAUT WILL BE OUT OF CONTROL QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY, WHOOPS, MY DEAR IN BENGALESE!

UNCA DONALD, DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF-

SHH! HERE COMES JONES! GET READY FOR THE SHOW!

BUT-

PIPE DOWN! THAT OAF AND HIS YARD ARE ABOUT TO GET THE WORKS AND WE'VE GOT RINGSIDE SEATS!

VROOM

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS THING? I CAN'T **STEER** IT!

YOICKS! AND I CAN'T **STOP** IT, EITHER!

RUMBLE

CRUNCH

WHAT THE DICKENS? MY **HEDGE**!

MASH

UNCA DONALD, WE TRIED TO TELL YOU THAT THE STEAM-ROLLER WAS POINTED AT—

MUNCH SMUSH

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU TRIED! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! I HAVE OTHER, MORE VENOMOUS THINGS TO PONDER!

LATER, BUT NOT MUCH—

...AND THAT'S WHAT I NEED, GYRO! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

WIXED TULPS

NOOLED WORFS

A CINCH OF THE LEAD PIPE PERSUASION, DONALD! JUST GIVE ME TEN MINUTES!

BONK

SOON—

JONES WANTS NEW "LAND-SCAPING". DOES HE? WELL, HEH, HEH! HE'S GOING TO GET IT IN SPADES!

NIGHT COMES, AND WITH IT, STEALTH!

ONE FOR JONESY, TWO FOR JONESY, THREE FOR JONESY, FOUR... ♫

MORNING—

O' RARE AND HOPEFULLY DUCKLESS MORN! TODAY I SEED THE SOD THAT SHALL SOON BECOME A SMOOTH EXPANSE OF EMERALD—

WHAT IN THE NAME OF KNICKERY KNOTS?

NOT EXACTLY THE YARD OF A "GOOD NEIGHBOR", IS IT, JONESY?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, DUCK, BUT THIS IS **YOUR** DOING! I KNOW IT IN MY SOUL!

PIFFLE!

YOU'RE GONNA REGRET THIS, YOU SHOVEL-PRONED SABOTEUR!

MORE PIFFLE! JUST CLEAN UP YOUR PROPERTY, JONESY! YOU'RE MAKING US LOOK **BAD**!

LATER-

HOW DID YOU CAUSE THOSE SHRUBS TO GROW SO FAST?

MAGIC?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING! GYRO WHIPPED UP A BATCH OF SUPERSONICALLY FAST-GROWING SHRUBBERY SEEDS!

JONES HAS SPENT ALL DAY CLEARING HIS YARD! TONIGHT I'M GONNA GIVE HIM ANOTHER DOSE OF INSTANT FOREST!

OH, YOU **ARE**, ARE YOU? WELL, DUCKO, HEH. HEH. WE'LL JUST **SEE** ABOUT THAT!

THUS, IN THE WEE HOURS—

THIS TIME I'LL JUST TOSS THE SEEDS INTO THE AIR AND LET 'EM GROW WHERE THEY FALL!

WHOOSH

NOT TONIGHT, DUCKIE BOY!

MY YARD IS COVERED WITH SEEDS! YOU SCOUNDREL! YOU OAF! YOU UNNEIGHBORLY DEFILER OF THE GREENSWARD!

SWEET DREAMS, DUCKO!

MORNING COMES, AND WITH IT AN ABUNDANCE OF RAMPANT BOTONY!

OH, HOW JONES IS GOING TO RUE THIS DAY!

YOU STARTED IT, UNCA DONALD!

WHAT DO Y' MEAN? JONES FLATTENED MY HEDGE, DIDN'T HE?

YOU SABOTAGED HIS STEAM ROLLER!

HE INSULTED ME AND OUR YARD!

YEAH, BUT YOU—

NO BUTS! I'VE ONLY BEEN FOOLING AROUND WITH JONES UP TO NOW! BUT THIS MEANS WAR!

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO!

NOPE! THE GAUNTLET IS DOWN!

AND UNCA DONALD'S BLOOD PRESSURE IS UP!

I'LL USE CUNNING AND CRAFT THIS TIME, JUST LIKE I DID WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BONE H- I MEAN BOONE HEAD!

THE COAST IS CLEAR! NO SIGN OF JONES...

...OR HIS DOGGONE WIND MACHINE!

NOPE! JUST A WELL ARMED HOSE, QUACKFACE!

FOOZLE

THAT OUGHT TO COOL OFF YOUR DYSPEPTIC FERVOR! HAR! HAR!

WRONG, NEIGHBOR! I'M A JINGOISTIC JUGGERNAUT ON THE WARPATH! I'M A WILD-EYED CONCOCTER OF CONNIPTIONS THE LIKES OF WHICH YOU COULDN'T IMAGINE IN YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES!

AND SO, FOR THE REST OF THE DAY...

YOU CAN'T STOP THEM ALL, YOU ANT, – SOCIAL TROGLODYTE!

BONG

MAYBE NOT, YOU MALEVOLENT SACK OF NITWIT FEATHERS, BUT I CAN CERTAINLY **SHARE** THEM WITH YOU!

CHUCK

UNTIL FINALLY–

SOB! ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS LANDSCAPE MY POOR, SWEET YARD!

IF THIS ISN'T LANDSCAPING, JONES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS!

YA KNOW, DUCK, IF I HAD ANY ENERGY LEFT, I'D DENT YOUR BEAK FOR YOU PLENTY GOOD!

DITTO FOR YOU, BUDDY BOY!

LADIES, OUR SEARCH IS OVER! BEHOLD! TWO NEIGHBORING PROPERTIES MERGED INTO A SENSE OF LOVING ONENESS!

AND ALL ACHIEVED VIA THE ART OF LANDSCAPING!

??

GENTLEMEN, I AM MRS. CARPATHIA FRISKTOTAL, OF THE DUCKBURG FOUNDATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF BLISSFUL NEIGHBORLINESS: EACH YEAR WE PRESENT AN AWARD TO THE TWO MOST DESERVING NEIGHBORS IN TOWN!

YEAH, SO?

SO ON BEHALF OF THE FOUNDATION, I AM PROUD TO PRESENT EACH OF YOU WITH A CHECK FOR $500!

US?

WHAT ON EARTH FOR?

BECAUSE, GENTLEMEN, YOUR TWO PROPERTIES REPRESENT THE GREATEST SYMBOL OF BLISSFUL NEIGHBORLINESS THAT WE OF THE FOUNDATION HAVE EVER SEEN!

THUS—

IT WAS THE DOCTOR! UNCA DONALD AND MISTER JONES WILL BE KEPT UNDER OBSERVATION AT THE HOSPITAL FOR A FEW MORE DAYS!

WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

SAME OLD THING! EVERY TIME THEY WAKE UP FROM THEIR SHOCK, THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER AND FAINT AGAIN!

WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE

"The Mail Pilot" Part 3 of 3

REVENGE AT LAST! PETE AND SHYSTER TIE A BOMB TO MICKEY'S SHOULDERS AND FORCE HIM OUT ONTO THE DIRIGIBLE'S GANGPLANK!

WE'RE ONLY UP TEN THOUSAND FEET MICKEY! HEH-HEH-HEH!

G'T GOIN' YUH RAT!

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS I'M NOT GOING TO LET 'EM KNOW I'M SCARED!

WELL SO LONG FELLOWS! THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY!

FORCED TO WALK THE PLANK OFF THE PIRATE DIRIGIBLE, MICKEY GRITS HIS TEETH, WAVES GOOD-BYE AND MAKES A PERFECT DIVE INTO TEN THOUSAND FEET OF SPACE WITH A BOMB TIED TO HIS BACK!

WELL... I GUESS THIS IS THE END O' ME! IF ONLY I COULD HAVE SAID GOOD-BYE TO MINNIE!

THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, I WAS JUST LEAVIN' FOR MY FIRST AIR MAIL FLIGHT! AN' SHE GAVE ME A KISS!

AN' AN' AN' GOOD-GOSH! SHE GAVE ME A SILK PARACHUTE, TOO! IT'S IN MY POCKET NOW!

OH BOY! OH, BOY! OH, BOY! DID I GET OUT O' THAT MESS? WHOOPEE!

HAVING BEEN MADE TO WALK THE PLANK FROM A DIRIGIBLE, HIGH IN THE AIR, MICKEY OPENS A TINY PARACHUTE MINNIE HAD MADE FOR HIM, AND- - -

GOSH! I'M SURE GLAD T GET RID O' THIS BOMB PETE AN' SHYSTER TIED ONTO ME!

THERE SHE GOES! .. AN THAT'S WHERE I'D BE, TOO, IF THOSE CROOKS HAD KNOWN I HAD THIS PARACHUTE WITH ME!

BOOM!

HOT DIGGETY! THERE COMES AN AIRPLANE! AN' IT'S HEADED RIGHT THIS WAY!

GOIN' MY WAY, BUDDY?

OH BOY! HE'S CIRCLING AROUND WAITING TO SEE WHERE I LAND!

WELL, FOR... ! IT'S MICKEY MOUSE!

YEAH BUT DON'T WASTE TIME TALKIN'! TAKE ME BACK TO THE AIRPORT QUICK!

I CAN JUST SEE PETE AN' SHYSTER CONGRATULAT NG EACH OTHER 'CAUSE THEY THINK THEY FINISHED ME! WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'RE GONNA GET!

HOME AT LAST! AND THE A RPORT CERTAINLY LOOKS GUOD TO MICKEY

HI, GLOOMY!

WELL, FER TH... EF IT AIN'T MICKEY MOUSE!

DID YA SEE TH SPIDER?

THAT'S NOT HALF! I SAW TH SPIDER AN CAPTAN DOBERMAN AN' AN'

ONLY I CAN'T TALK TO YOU NOW! I'VE GOTTA SEE GENERAL SCHNAUZER QUICK!

MICKEY MOUSE REPORTING SIR! AN TH MAIL'S GONNA GO THROUGH!

THE ENTIRE AIRPORT IS IN AN UPROAR OVER MICKEY'S STORY OF PETE AND SHYSTER'S PIRATE DIRIGIBLE! AND EVERY AVAILABLE PILOT HAS BEEN GIVEN HIS INSTRUCTIONS!

TO YOUR PLANES, MEN! WE'LL SWEEP THE SKIES OF THESE PIRATES!

SO LONG, MICKEY! KEEP YER NOSE OUT O' TH' PROPELLER!

SO LONG, GLOOMY!

A WIRELESS MESSAGE, YOUR HIGHNESS... FROM YOUR SPY, QT-13, AT THE AIRPORT!

THEY HAVE PROBABLY JUST RECEIVED WORD OF MICKEY'S DEATH! HEH-HEH-HEH! LET ME SEE IT!

PETE! LOOK WHAT IT SAYS! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

PLUNDERLAND RADIO SERVICE, LTD
SYLVESTER SHYSTER PRES
PEG-LEG PETE, VICE PRES

MICKEY MOUSE IS LEADING A HUNDRED FIGHTING PLANES TO CAPTURE YOUR DIRIGIBLE BE PREPARED FOR BATTLE

QT - 13

COMMANDER HAIRLIP CALLING ALL PLANES! SEPARATE AND PATROL FIFTY-MILE AREAS ALLOTTED TO YOU! ADVISE ALL PLANES BY RADIO IF YOU SIGHT DIRIGIBLE!

CALLING ALL PLANES! WE ARE GETTING CLOSE! GO AT ONCE TO DESIGNATED POSTS AND PATROL FIFTY MILES APART!

KEEP SHARP LOOKOUT FOR PIRATE DIRIGIBLE! IF YOU SIGHT IT, NOTIFY ALL OTHER PLANES BY RADIO IMMEDIATELY!

YEAH! AN' IF YA SEE A FUNNY-LOOKIN' CLOUD LOOK OUT! I'M TELLIN' YA!

WITH A HUNDRED FIGHTING PLANES AFTER THE R DIR GIBLE PETE AND SHYSTER ARE GETTING WORRIED!

LISSEN, SHYSTER LET'S DUMP THEM FORTY MAIL PILOTS OVERBOARD!

NOT YET PETE! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN!

THE LAW SAYS THAT IF THERE'S NO DEAD MAN THERE WASN'T ANY MURDER! AND IF THESE PILOTS AREN'T EVER FOUND, WE'RE AS INNOCENT AS BABIES! SEE?

SO WE'LL FLY OVER A SECLUDED SPOT, AND THEN HEH-HEH-HEH!

GOSH, I HOPE ONE O TH PLANES FINDS THAT DIRIGIBLE PRETTY SOON! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S NO TIME T LOSE!

THE PIRATE DIRIG BLE IS STILL AT LARGE! BUT A HUNDRED PLANES, SCATTERED FIFTY MILES APART, ARE COMBING THE AIR FOR IT!

NO NEWS YET, BUT...

G-G-GOSH! THERE'S A BLACK CLOUD, 'WAY OFF IN TH' DISTANCE!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THAT'S TH' DIRIGIBLE OR NOT, BUT YOU BET I'M GONNA FIND OUT!

WHAT DO WE CARE ABOUT A HUNDRED PLANES? OR A THOUSAND? WE'VE GOT ENOUGH GUNS ABOARD TO SHOOT THEM ALL DOWN!

NOW YER TALKIN', SHYSTER! BUT FIRST WE'VE GOTTA THROW DEM PILOTS OVERBOARD!

RIGHT, PETE! AND IN FIVE MINUTES WE'LL BE OVER THE OCEAN! AND THEN..... HEH-HEH-HEH..... GOOD-BYE, PILOTS!

YES, SIR! I'LL BET TH' DIRIGIBLES IN THAT CLOUD! BUT I WON'T RADIO TH' REST O' TH PLANES TILL I'M SURE!

I'LL SNEAK UP ON IT FROM BELOW, 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT T WARN 'EM!

GOOD GOSH! MAN OVERBOARD!

IT'S CAPTAIN DOBERMAN!

MICKEY! SAVE ME!

O K WAIT RIGHT THERE!

INVESTIGATING A BLACK CLOUD TO SEE WHETHER IT CONTAINED THE PIRATE DIRIGIBLE MICKEY SEES CAPTAIN DOBERMAN PLUNGE OUT OF IT!

A POWER DIVE'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO CATCH HIM! COME ON, PLANE! DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

HOT DIGGETY! I'M GAININ'!

HI CAPTAIN DOBERMAN! IMAGINE MEETING YOU HERE!

HAVING DISCOVERED THE DIRIGIBLE AND RESCUED CAPTAIN DOBERMAN, MICKEY'S NEXT JOB IS TO NOTIFY THE SQUADRON OF PLANES BY RADIO!

CALLING ALL PLANES! MICKEY MOUSE CALLING ALL PLANES! HEY! WHERE ARE YA?

THAT'S FUNNY! THEY DON'T ANSWER! MEBBE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE RADIO!

WILL YA LOOK AT THE SENDING APPARATUS? IT'S THERE IN THE REAR COCKPIT!

IS THIS IT?

GEE, MICKEY, I'M SORRY I FELL ON YOUR RADIO!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT! YOU HAD TO LAND SOMEWHERE!

WHAT'LL WE DO... FLY FOR HELP?

IF WE DID, PETE AN' SHYSTER WOULD PUSH TH' REST O' TH' PILOTS OVERBOARD BEFORE WE COULD GET BACK!

POOR, BRAVE FELLOWS! THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE! NOTHING CAN SAVE THEM NOW! THEY'RE SUNK!

SUNK NUTHIN! HANG ONTO YER SEAT! WE'RE GONNA GO UP AN' ATTACK THAT DIRIGIBLE BY OURSELVES!

NOT KNOWING THEIR PIRATE DIRIGIBLE HAS BEEN LOCATED BY MICKEY, PETE AND SHYSTER PREPARE TO DUMP THE CAPTIVE MAIL PILOTS OVERBOARD!

THE FLOOR OF THEIR CELL IS A TRAP-DOOR! WHEN WE PULL THIS LEVER BACK, IT OPENS! HEH-HEH-HEH!

WE'RE ONLY UP 10,000 FEET! IT WON'T HURT 'EM. ..MUCH! HAW! HAW! HAW!

ALL RIGHT, PETE! YOU PULL IT WHEN I COUNT THREE! ONE!....TWO!....

THERE SHE IS... 'WAY DOWN BELOW!

O.K., MICKEY! LET 'ER GO!

PLANNING TO SEND THE CAPTURED MAIL PILOTS TO THEIR DEATH PETE STANDS BY THE RELEASE LEVER WHILE SHYSTER COUNTS TO THREE!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

GOOD GOSH! WHAT'S THAT?

SPAT

MACHINE GUNS! WE'RE ATTACKED!

HERE'S WHAT I THINK O' YOU.. AN I'M SAYIN' IT WITH LEAD!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

THE FLOWERS WILL COME LATER!

LOOK OUT, MICKEY! THAT GUN'S GOT OUR RANGE!

BANG!

WELL, I'LL PUT A STOP TO THAT!

RAT-A-TAT A-TAT TAT!!

HOT DIGGETY! LOOK AT 'EM RUN!

THERE'S ONE GUN THAT WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE!

LIKE A HORNET ATTACKING A HAWK, MICKEY'S TINY PLANE IS PITTED AGAINST THE HUGE PIRATE DIRIGIBLE!

WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT INTO THE GAS BAG, MICKEY, AND SEND T DOWN IN FLAMES?

GOSH, CAPTAIN DOBERMAN, I COULDN'T!

YA SEE I DON'T WANT TO HURT EM I JUST WANT TO CAPTURE 'EM!

BUT HOW?

I'LL SHOOT OFF THE CONTROL CAR, AN THE GUNS, AN THE MOTORS' AN' THEY'LL BE HELPLESS!

THAT IS, IF THEY DON'T GET US FIRST!

PLANNING TO CRIPPLE THE DIRIGIBLE BY ATTACKING ITS MOST VITAL SPOT, MICKEY DIVES THROUGH SHOT AND SHELL TOWARDS THE CONTROL GONDOLA!

BAM! BAM! BANG BAM! BAM! RAT A TAT TAT A TAT TAT TAT

BAM!

DID YOU GET IT, MICKEY? ARE WE SAFE NOW?

YEAH!

THAT IS, IF TH' PLANE JUST HOLDS TOGETHER!

NOW, TH' NEXT THING T' DO IS SHOOT OFF TH' GUNS AN' MOTORS!

SCRAM! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!

RAT A TAT TAT TAT TAT

BANG!

AN THAT'S THAT!

THEIR DIRIGIBLE BADLY WRECKED PETE AND SHYSTER SEND OUT THEIR LAST FIGHTING PLANE TO SHOOT MICKEY OUT OF THE AIR!

IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE, PETE! IF HE DOESN'T GET MICKEY, WE'RE LICKED!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

LOOK OUT, MICKEY! PLANE BELOW US!

O.K. I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? AREN'T YOU GOING TO SHOOT HIM DOWN?

NAW, I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN!

IN A FAST DOGFIGHT WITH ONE OF THE DIRIGIBLE'S PLANES, MICKEY GETS ABOVE IT, AND..

HEY! MICKEY! LOOK OUT!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL SHOW THAT GUY SOME REAL FLYIN'!

SAY! HAVE YA GOT A PARACHUTE?

YEAH! BUT..

OK..

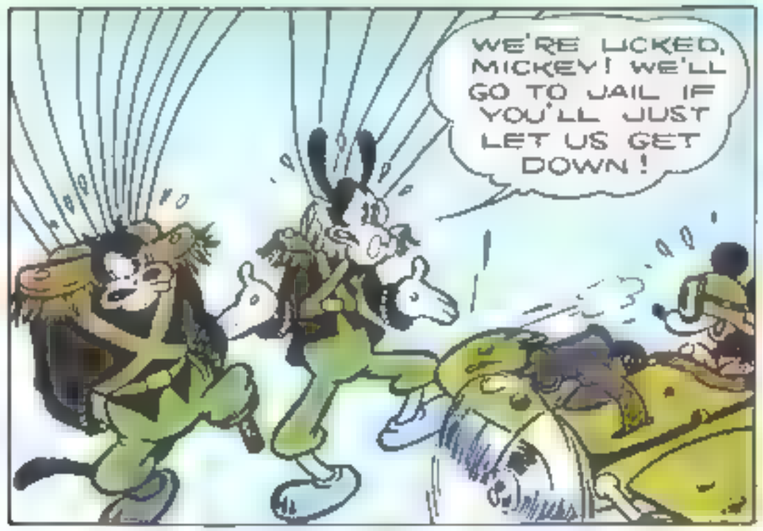
--USE IT THEN!

I'VE GOT ALL O' DE DIRIGIBLE I WANT! I'M GONNA SCRAM!

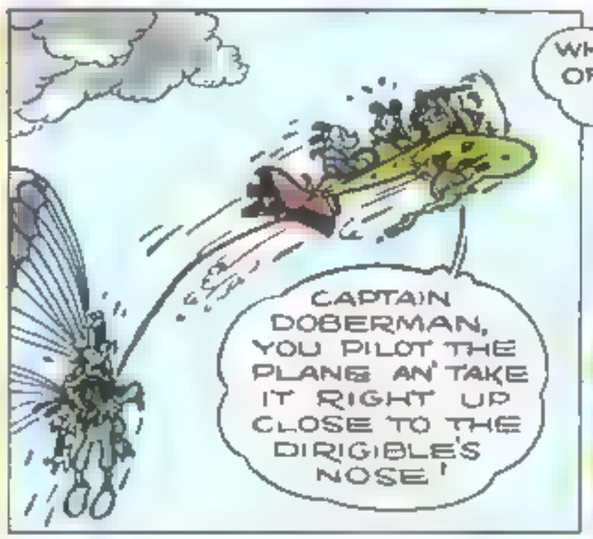
WELL, ANYWAY WE GOT AWAY FROM MICKEY!

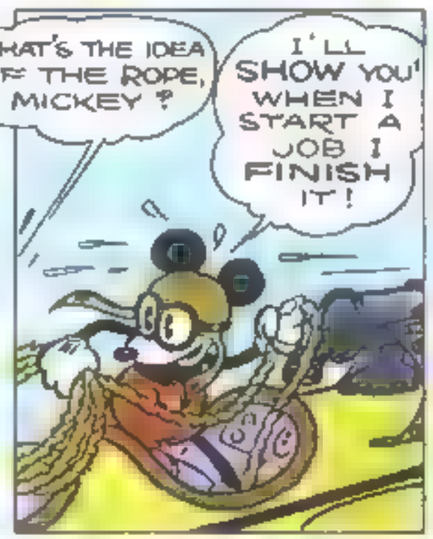
YEAH, THE LITTLE RAT!

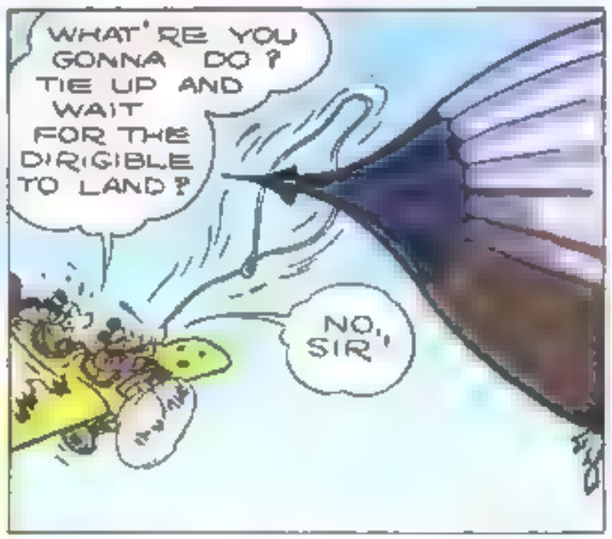
HOWDY, FELLERS! CAN I GIVE YA A LIFT?

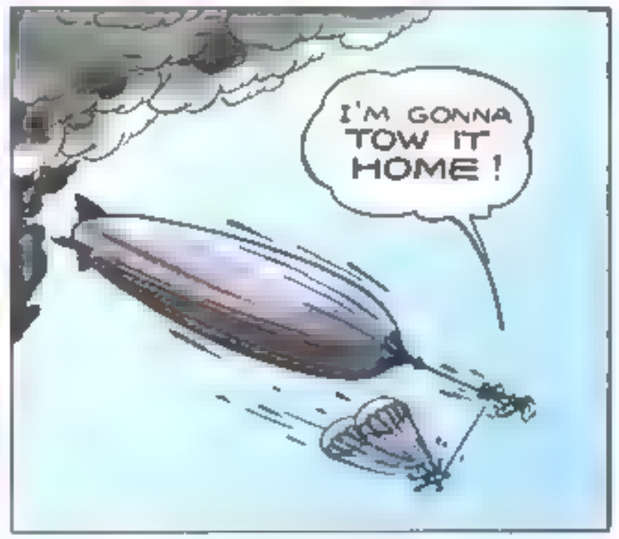


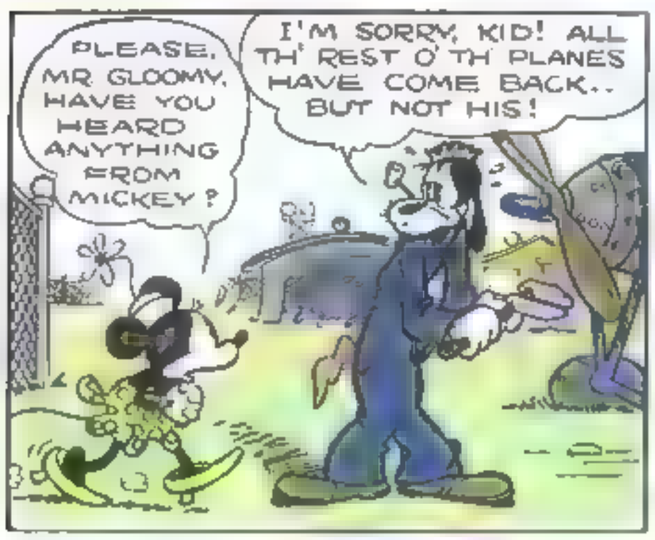
WITH PETE AND SHYSTER TIED ON BEHIND, MICKEY AGAIN FLIES TOWARD THE PIRATE DIRIGIBLE.

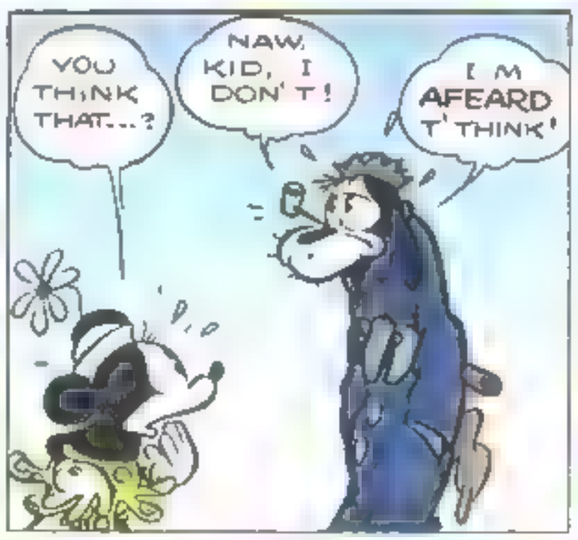


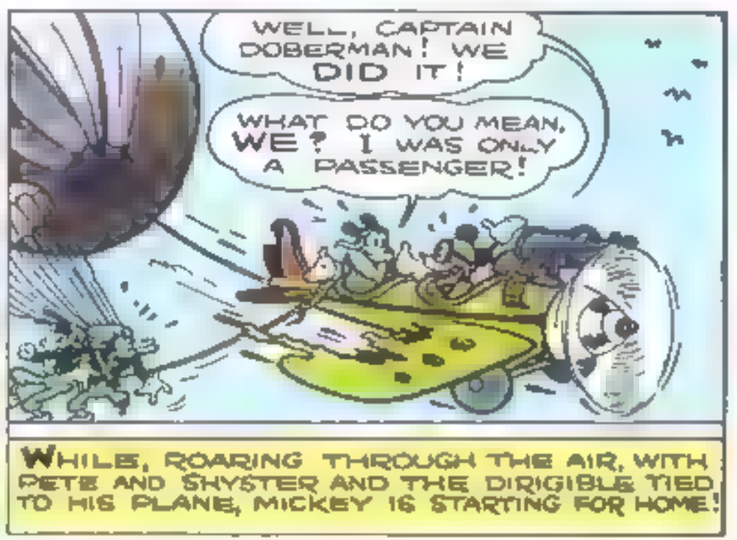












WHILE, ROARING THROUGH THE AIR, WITH PETE AND SHYSTER AND THE DIRIGIBLE TIED TO HIS PLANE, MICKEY IS STARTING FOR HOME!

THE ENTIRE AIRPORT IS AGOG, AS A TINY SPECK APPEARS IN THE SKY!

?

WELL STRIKE ME PINK, WITH YALLER POLKA DOTS! IF HE AIN'T GONE AN DONE IT!

WHAT IS IT, GLOOMY? TELL ME, QUICK!

IT'S MICKEY! AN' HE'S TOWIN' TH' PIRATE DIRIGIBLE HOME!

WELL... HERE WE ARE MICKEY!

YEAH! BUT TH' FUNNY PART OF IT IS I'M SORT O' SORRY IT'S ALL OVER!

IT WAS SUCH A SWELL FIGHT WHILE IT LASTED!

HURRAH!

WHOOPEE!

ALL BY HIMSELF HE DONE IT!

AN' I THINK I WANTED THAT GUY T BE A MECHANIC!

WELL, THERE THEY GO, MINNIE! IT'S TH' LAST WE'LL EVER SEE O' PETE AN' SHYSTER!

MICKEY, YOUR FEAT OF CAPTURING THE PIRATES WILL GO DOWN AS ONE OF THE BIGGEST EXPLOITS IN THE HISTORY OF AVIATION!... GOOD-BYE, MY BOY!

GOOD-BYE GENERAL SCHNAUZER! AN . . AN'... THANKS!

YA KNOW, MINNIE, FLYIN' TH' MAIL HAS TAUGHT ME A LESSON I'LL NEVER FORGET!

WHAT'S THAT, MICKEY?

WHENEVER YOU HAVE A JOB, NO MATTER HOW HARD IT IS, OR HOW MUCH YOU HATE T' DO IT, JUST BUCKLE DOWN AN REMEMBER, TH' MAIL MUST GO THROUGH!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? BEFORE YA KNOW IT, TH' JOB'S DONE. AN' YA FEEL JUST SWELL!

The LI'L BAD WOLF

by WALT DISNEY

ARE YOU SURE IT'S **TEN O'CLOCK** ALREADY, PRACTICAL ?

YEP ! BUT THE MORNING'S STILL YOUNG ! WE'LL CATCH A FISH YET !

I CAN'T STAY ! I'VE GOT TO GET HOME **QUICK** !

WHY ALL THE RUSH, LI'L WOLF ?

POP **WAKES UP** AT TEN, AN' IF I'M NOT THERE TO FIX HIS BREAKFAST, HE'LL BE **FURIOUS** !

HUMPH ! WHAT A TIME TO BE GETTING UP ! IT MUST BE TOUGH TO HAVE A FATHER WHO IS SO LAZY AN' MEAN !

I HOPE POP OVERSLEPT THIS MORNING !

I COULD RUN A LOT FASTER, IF THIS WIND DIDN'T SLOW ME DOWN SO MUCH !

GEE WILLIKINS !

TH' WIND IS GOIN' TO BLOW THAT BIRD'S NEST RIGHT OFF THE LIMB !

MAYBE I CAN HELP, LITTLE BIRD !

THE EGGS ARE FALLING OUT !

IF THEY HIT THE GROUND, THEY'LL BE SMASHED !

WHEW ! I CAUGHT 'EM JUST IN TIME !

MY ! WHAT PRETTY EGGS YOU HAVE, MISSUS BIRD ! THEY'RE ALL SPECKLEDY !

I'LL PUT 'EM BACK IN THE NEST FOR YOU !

AND I'LL TIE YOUR NEST DOWN SO THE WIND WON'T BLOW IT OVER AGAIN!

BACK HOME, POP HAS AWAKENED, AND...

LI'L WOLF! I'M UP! YOU KIN BRING MY BREAKFAST NOW!

BUT WHEN LI'L WOLF DOESN'T ANSWER...

LI'L WOLF! DIDN'T YOU *HEAR* ME?

HE AIN'T HERE! ***BAH!***

A FINE HOWDY-DO WHEN A MAN'S OWN SON WON'T FIX BREAKFAST FOR HIM! ***DOUBLE BAH!***

MY DAY IS RUINT! AN' ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THAT LAZY SON OF MINE!

THERE'S ONLY ***ONE*** THING THAT CHEERS ME UP ON A DAY LIKE THIS!

AN' THAT'S TO GO OUT AN' DO SOMETHING THAT'S REAL ***MEAN*** AN' ***LOWDOWN!***

I KNOW ! I'LL ROB A BIRD'S NEST ! THERE'S NOTHIN' MEANER OR MORE LOWDOWN THAN *THAT* !

JEEPERS ! HERE COMES POP... AN' HE LOOKS *AWFUL* MAD !

I NOTICED A BIRD'S NEST IN THIS TREE TH'OTHER DAY ! I'LL START BY ROBBIN' *IT* !

SO, *THERE* YOU ARE ! WHY AIN'T YOU HOME COOKIN' MY BREAKFAST ?

I CAN EXPLAIN, POP !

YOU'D *BETTER* EXPLAIN ! AN' BE *QUICK* ABOUT IT !

YOU SEE, POP, I STARTED HOME, BUT..

BUT WHAT ?

BUT, ON THE WAY HOME, I SAW A BIRD'S NEST UP THERE, AN'... AN'...

OH, I SEE ! NOW I UNDERSTAND ! WHEN YOU SAW THE NEST, YOU DECIDED TO *ROB* IT ! RIGHT ?

WELL, I..

GOOD WORK, SON ! I ALLUS KNOWED YOU'D TURN OUT TO BE A *BIG, BAD WOLF* LIKE ME SOME DAY !

JUST A MINUTE! IF YOU WUZ ROBBIN' THAT NEST, WHERE ARE TH' EGGS YOU STOLE?

I DION'T TAKE 'EM, POP!

AN' WHY NOT?

THEY WERE TT-TOO LITTLE, P-P-POP!

I FIGURED IF IT WAS FUN TO STEAL *LITTLE* BIRD EGGS, IT WOULD BE TWICE AS MUCH FUN TO STEAL *BIG* BIRD EGGS!

VERY SENSIBLE, SON! YA GOT A REAL HEAD ON YER SHOULDERS... JUST LIKE ME!

WHEW!

SO... WE'LL FIND AN *EAGLE'S* NEST TO ROB! AN' HAVE A BARREL OF FUN! YES, SIRREE!

GEE! I GET OUT OF ONE JAM, RIGHT INTO ANOTHER!

SPEAKIN' O' EAGLES!

AIN'T THAT ONE OF THE CRITTERS FLYIN' OVER THERE?

ER... I DON'T THINK SO, POP! IT LOOKS LIKE A *BUZZARD*, AN' WE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT BUZZARD EGGS!

I RECKON I KNOW AN EAGLE WHEN I SEES ONE! C'MON!

WE'LL HAVE TO BE KEERFUL, 'CAUSE EAGLES ARE PRETTY TRICKY BIRDS!

THEY HIDES THEIR NESTS WELL! YEP! EAGLES IS PLENTY SMART, BUT WOLVES IS A LOT SMARTER!

THEY USUALLY BUILD THEIR NESTS ON TOP OF MOUNTAIN PEAKS! I'LL LOOK UP THERE!

IF POP ROBS THAT EAGLE'S NEST, IT'LL BE MY FAULT! I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING TO STOP HIM!

I GOT IT! I'LL THROW MY HAT OVER HERE, AN'...

POP! POP! MY HAT BLEW OFF!

DAGNAB IT! WHY CAN'TCHA KEEP YER HAT ON? WHERE'D IT GO?

OVER THERE, POP!

NICE WORK, SON! IF YER HAT HADN'T BLOWN OFF, WE PROB'LY NEVER WOULDA FOUND THE NEST! HEE! HEE!

!!

SO...

HANG ON TIGHT, SON, WHILE I GRAB THE EGGS!

I'M SLIPPIN', POP! I'M SLIPPIN'!

OH! OH!

YIPE! IT'S THE EAGLE!

AN' THE LIMB IS GONNA BREAK! IT'S BENDING.

IT'S BENDING!

OF COURSE, IT'S BENDING! YOU'VE GOT A BITE! WAKE UP!

GOSH! I'VE BEEN ASLEEP! I'VE BEEN DREAMING!

WELL, YOU'RE NOT DREAMING NOW! YOU CAUGHT A BEAUTY!

I'D BETTER HUSTLE HOME AN' COOK POP'S BREAKFAST, BEFORE HE WAKES UP!

I WONDER HOW I EVER HAPPENED TO DREAM SUCH A DREAM!

PROB'LY 'CAUSE POP SAID I HAD TO GO OUT WITH HIM TODAY TO ROB BIRDS' NESTS!

I SURE DON'T WANT TO DO *THAT!* I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD GET OUT OF IT!

MORNIN', SON! ER... WOULD YOU BE DISAPPOINTED IF WE *DIDN'T* ROB BIRDS' NESTS TODAY?

GEE, WHIZ! I'LL SAY I WOULDN'T!

HOW COME WE'RE NOT GOIN' TO DO IT?

NEVER MIND! JUST BRING IN MY BREAKFAST!

MY REPUTATION FER BEIN' A BIG, BAD WOLF WOULD BE RUINT IF ANYONE KNEW WHY I *REALLY* CHANGED MY MIND. . THAT AWFUL *DREAM* I HAD LAST NIGHT!!

S'MATTER, POP? LOST YOUR APPETITE?

WALT DISNEY'S

CHIP 'N' DALE

LEAP FROG BIG FUN, EH, CHIP?

HA! LET AN EXPERT SHOW YA HOW IT'S DONE!

HOT DIGGETY DOG ...A REAL FROG!

SEE? GET MORE SPRING INTO IT!

WOWIE!

NOW WE LEAP!

TRY TO GET CLEAR OVER THIS GRASS!

PRETTY GOOD, CHUMS!

EEK!

NOW HOW'D YA LIKE TO LEARN THE FROG KICK?

Scrooge McDuck's

by Michael Naiman

Since I was not sharing my comics with my little brother, my mother scolded me ... "Unless you share those comics with Randy, I'm going to throw them away! You've got enough of those funny books to fill your whole closet! Don't be such a Scrooge!" How prophetic my mother's warning would be! Not only did I ignore Mom's anguished pleas ... (that childhood closet has expanded and taken over an entire room) but the center of my collecting universe is none other than the Scion of Duckburg .. Uncle Scrooge McDuck.

What ignited this compulsion to collect the ephemera associated with this world-renowned explorer and adventurer? The answer can be traced back to the fact that, in all of comic book literature, there is only one who is the consummate collector ... only one quintessential King of Acquisition ... only one ... Scrooge McDuck!

So you can imagine how elated I was when I received a telephone call from Miss Quackfaster, secretary to the Great One himself. It seems that the World's Richest Duck had finally consented to my request for a personal interview!

This amazing event is significant for two reasons: not only has Uncle Scrooge never consented to an up-close-and-personal interview in fandom, but his consent perfectly coincides with the momentous occasion of his 50th anniversary in comics!

In a matter of minutes I was in my car and heading out to Killmotor Hill, home of Duckburg's landmark Money Bin, operations and nerve center of the Scrooge financial empire. After a few minutes in his austere waiting room, Miss Quackfaster escorted me into Scrooge's sparsely furnished Inner Sanctum.

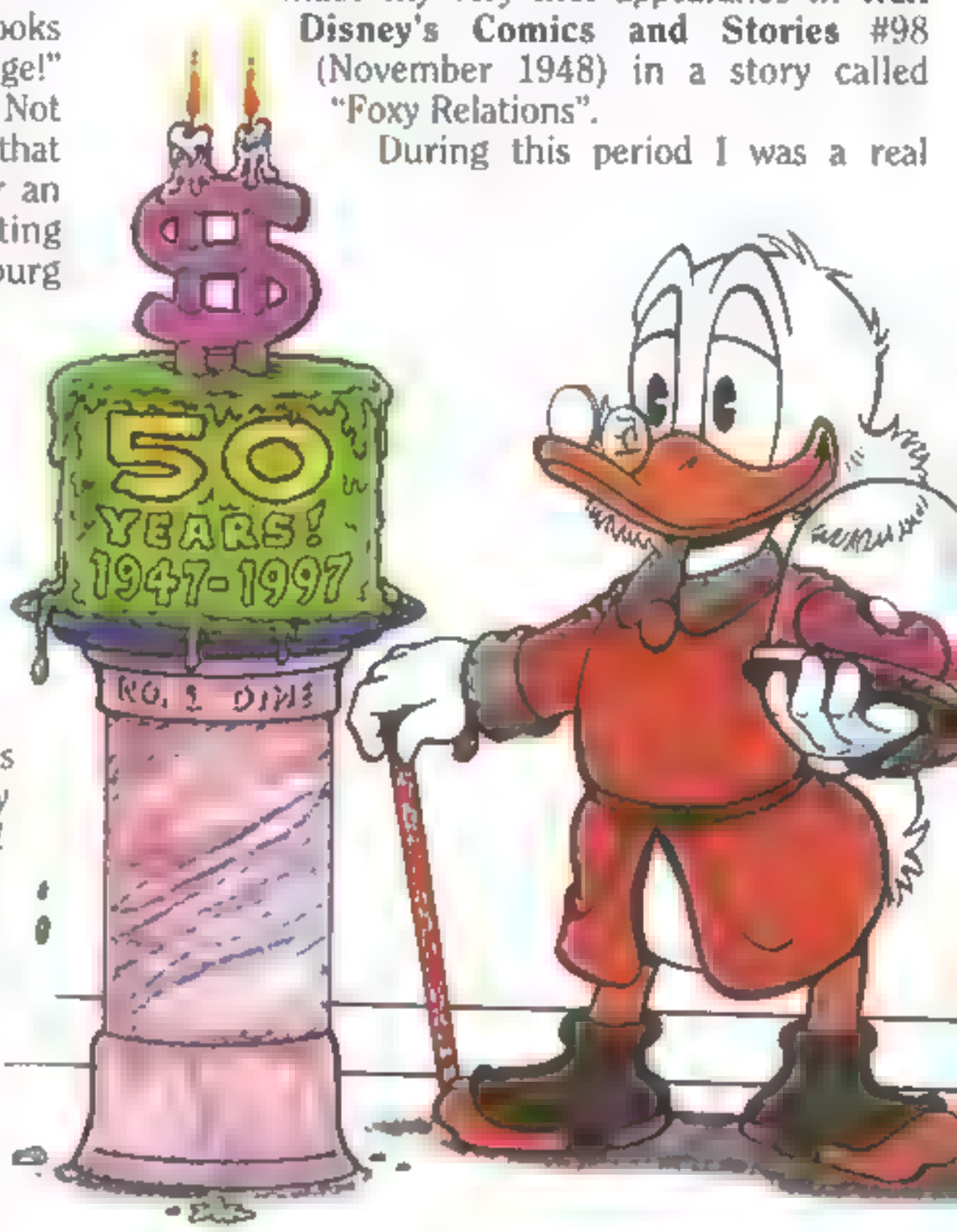
There he was, bigger than life ... seated behind his desk wearing his signature red frock coat, *pince-nez* glasses, and a surprisingly mellow look on his beak.

Finally, we exchanged pleasantries. He immediately flipped his hourglass, chided that his time was valuable and shouldn't be wasted ... and bade me to begin the interview immediately. I nervously squeaked out my first question.

How did you get your first break in comic books?

In 1947, Western Publishing wanted Carl Barks to do a Christmas story. What better inspiration for a character than Scrooge from the great Charles Dickens novel, **A Christmas Carol**? Utilizing his vast library of research material and his own character ideas, Carl created a rich old cantankerous uncle who would give Donald a real run for his money. "Christmas on Bear Mountain" (**Donald Duck** FC #178, December 1947) provided me with my first role. I was comfortable in the part as the cranky uncle but I felt that I could expand my presence beyond the reclusive confines of my mansion. Lucky for me, Carl wanted to enlarge my presence in the duck universe. My next appearance was in "The Old Castle's Secret" (**DD** FC #189, June 1948) where I was able to show Donald and my nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie, my Scottish homeland and at the same time have an opportunity to go on a treasure hunt in a haunted castle. Did you know this was the first time that Carl did a cover drawing for a comic book? Five months after "The Old Castle's Secret," I made my very first appearance in **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** #98 (November 1948) in a story called "Foxy Relations".

During this period I was a real



irascible person. Okay, some people would have even called me nasty or a bully! But if you had people trying to steal your fortune all the time, you'd be cranky too! It was May of 1950 when I appeared in "Donald and the Pixilated Parrot" (**DD** FC #282). We encountered two safecrackers who looked as if they might have been distant relatives to the Beagle Boys. Take a look at that issue and see if those guys aren't prototypical Beagle Boys!

Some people think I've developed a fetish for my money! It was in **Comics and Stories** #124 (January 1951) that I took Donald to my Money Barn #68 and there, for the first time, he got to see me diving and playing in my money. I wonder if he was responsible for spreading those horrible rumors about me? In regards to my obsession with money, doesn't everyone like to dive around in it like a porpoise, burrow through it like a gopher and toss it up and let it hit them on the head?

Where did you come up with the idea for the Money Bin?

Back in November, 1949, when I appeared in **Christmas Parade** #1's "Letter to Santa," I was already having trouble keeping my moola in any type of orderly fashion. By 1950's **CP** #2, it was out of control! In the story "You Can't Guess," for the first time, the term "Money Bin" was used. The "bin" was actually a group of large containers that held 100 tons of coins each. It took me a while to figure

Golden Anniversary

Magica and friends cast a spell on Scrooge and "Old No. 1" Never before seen, this is the first time a Don Rosa rendering has been published utilizing the artist's original colors.

out that trying to keep everything inside the McDuck Building wasn't going to work.

In **WDC&S** #126 (March 1951) Carl built me an immense "corn crib" to hold my three acres of money. After all, thieves would never bother to look inside a corn crib! But disaster struck when a cyclone hit and disbursed my fortune into the countryside. I got it back, of course, but I now knew that there had to be a more permanent solution.

By November, 1951 (**WDC&S** #134), I had returned all my money to the McDuck Building in downtown Duckburg. I hired Donald (at his usual wage of 30¢ an hour) to help guard the place. The one security device I had was a cannon I had purchased after the Boer War from Queen Victoria's Royal Artillery. Donald rigged the cannon up so it would automatically go off if an intruder tried to enter. Needless to say, the cannon accidentally went off and blew a tremendous hole into the side of my brick building. Darned if those rascally Beagle Boys didn't show up in the very last panel of that story and try to haul my money away! That was their very first appearance in any comic book, and you know, they haven't left me or my money alone since!

It didn't take long for me to come up with a sure fire solution on how to protect my fortune. The very next month, Carl had me in another story in **WDC&S** #135 (December 1951). I had owned Killmotor Hill since I settled in Duckburg, and thought that this would be the ideal place to build my freestanding Money Bin. Only one of its kind anywhere! I really have to hand it to Mr. Barks, he came up with a great idea on how to protect my money. Nothing can get by the minefields, sulfuric acid moat, bear traps, or drawbridges!

Four Color #386 (March 1952) is now universally recognized as Uncle Scrooge #1. What can you tell me about this?

Ah yes, I'll never forget that classic story "Only a Poor Old Man." It was the debut of my own title! This particular story was instrumental in defining my creed and philosophy. I remember my little nephews asking me if I had earned all of this money by being in the banking business. Boy, did that ruffle my feathers! I told them, "... I made it on the seas, and in the mines, and in the cattle wars of the old frontier! I made it by being tougher than the toughies, and smarter than the smarties. And I made it square ... by thinking a little harder than the other guy ... by jumping a little quicker!" I hope that when they grow up they understand the importance of the work ethic I've always followed.

After Four Color #386, when was the next time you appeared in one of your long adventure stories?

A year later, in **Uncle Scrooge** #2 (FC #456, March 1953), I got a chance to go "Back to the Klondike." Between Four Color #386 and "Klondike" I appeared in five issues of **Comics and Stories** (#138, #140, #144, #145 and #148), so I was ready for another long adventure yarn!

This new story was a major turning point in my character development. In my previous tales, I had been a hardhearted penny pincher who was interested in the power that my great wealth provided. While I've never become "softhearted," Mr. Barks filed some of the rough edges off of my personality so I might appear somewhat compassionate at times . but don't tell anyone!! I've got a reputation to preserve!

Carl found great inspiration for "Klondike" in a book he had read entitled **Klondike '98** written by Ethel Anderson Becker. He found his storyplace names from a real map of the Yukon, and gave the entire story a real period flavor right down to the raucous barroom brawl, which, by the way, was originally cut out of the first published version because Western editors thought that it was too violent. Since then however, these missing panels have been restored in later editions of the comic book.

I'll never forget that exciting and wonderful time. Tell you what, there's someone from that time in my past that I'll never forget ... Glittering Goldie. She tried to steal my Goose Egg Nugget but ended up stealing my heart!

Six months later in Four Color #495 (September 1953), we find you in a high seas tale that includes some insights into your family's background. There is also an important disclosure that occurs in

the backup story. Do you care to elaborate?

Now I'm sorry I ever mentioned it! The moment I revealed the fact about that coin I've had to guard it with my life! The story now known as "The Round Money Bin" — the first appearance of my Number One Dime ... the first dime I ever earned when I was a young lad in Glasgow. Isn't it amazing how one little dime has come to represent my entire fortune? When is everyone going to figure out that my wealth was amassed through ingenuity and good old American know-how ... not luck! I can tell you one person who never did ... Magica de Spell!

From the very first time I encountered that sly sorceress in Barks' story entitled "The Midas Touch" (**US** #36, December 1961) she's been after my Number One Dime. For some reason, she believes that by owning the dime, and collecting coins touched by the world's most wealthy men, she will be able to concoct a potion to make her the richest duck in the world!

What an infernal pest she's turned into! She has a way of showing up at the most inopportune times! One of my strangest encounters with Magica occurred in **US** #40 (January 1963) in the tale called "Oddball Odyssey." This issue, the first published under the Gold Key imprint, is the only Uncle Scrooge comic book Mr. Barks worked on that featured the "new look" Western experimented with at that time. Boy was that a wild look! No panel borders, a new shape and position for the word balloons and a new panel arrangement. Thankfully, this flawed experiment was discontinued after one issue!

Many of the early Scrooge stories focus on the hunt for ancient treasures and encounters with lost civilizations. Do you remember them?

My first full-fledged treasure hunting story, "The Seven Cities of Cibola" (**US** #7, September 1954) will always hold a special place in my memories. However, there are a whole slew of others in the early issues of the series that are also very exciting and powerfull You could go from the ancient hidden valleys of Tralla La (**US** #6, June 1954) to the "City of the Golden Roofs" (**US** #20, December 1957) or visit the "Land Beneath the Ground" (**US** #13, March 1956) or search for "The Lost Crown of Genghis Khan" (**US** #14, June 1956) or hunt for "The Prize of Pizarro" (**US** #26, June 1959). If you're looking for lost civilizations look no further than "Land of the Pygmy Indians" (**US** #18, June 1957) or dive into the briny depths and locate "The Secret of Atlantis" (**US** #5, March 1954). As you might imagine, it's hard for me to pick a favorite.

What I liked about the treasure collecting was that it helped me amass enough wealth to teach that scoundrel Flintheart Glomgold a real lesson about who was the world's richest duck! I was hopping mad when Carl put that rascal in my stories! He got into my skin like a tick on a dog! I first met up with Flintheart in "The Second Richest Duck" (**US** #15, September 1956). We had a battle to determine who was the richest person in the world and the outcome was decided by the slimmest of margins! Not satisfied with this whupping, he tried to outdo me again in "The Money Champ" (**US** #27, September 1959). I made him literally eat his words that time, too!

The tone of many of your stories changed somewhat in the late 1950s. What was your perception?

In some small part, it was due to the bureaucratic input of a few of the comic book editors of that time. It appeared as if they might have been more interested in their own rules as opposed to letting Mr. Barks be creative. Near the end of the '50s some of the editors thought the stories should become more modern and reflect the times with scientific explanations for the unexplainable

Examples of these stories include "The Loony Lunar Gold Rush" (**US** #49, May 1964) "Interplanetary Postman" (**US** #53, October 1964) and "Micro-Ducks from Outer Space" (**US** #65, September 1966).

In January 1963, the Dell imprint ceased and Gold Key began to issue the comics on a bimonthly basis. Then in '63 they ran an extra Summer issue, and in '64 I had a **really** big year with seven issues between February and October! Barks continued writing and drawing my adventures until the story called "The Doom Diamond" appeared in **US** #70 (June 1967). He did provide a script called "King Scrooge the First" that appeared in **US** #71 (September 1967). It was drawn by Tony Strobl.

What happened with your series after issue #71?

The Gold Key series continued through issue #173 (February 1980) and Whitman was then the successor through issue #209 which temporarily ended in 1984. During the Gold Key and Whitman publishing tenure, fans had the opportunity to read reprints of most of the Barks stories from the first 71 issues of the comic named after me ... as well as new backup stories by some of the duck artists of that time. Those artists and writers included Bob Grant, Bob Moore, Frank McSavage, Harvey Eisenberg, Jack Manning, Pete Alvarado, Paul Murry, Tony Strobl, and Vic Lockman.

I was getting the itch to go out and discover new treasures, so I let Western Publishing know I was going to be taking some time off. They thought it was a good idea and I know they hoped I'd come back refreshed and rejuvenated with new tales to tell.

What led to your decision to come home?

After traveling around the world for awhile, I decided it was time to get back to Duckburg and see if I could find a new publisher. As luck would have it, I met up with Bruce Hamilton. Bruce had a background as a collector and writer, and was fond of the stories that Western Publishing had produced in the late '40s and early 1950s. In 1981, Bruce and his friend Russ Cochran published a limited edition book entitled **The Fine Art of Walt Disney's Donald Duck by Carl Barks.** The book was so well received that Bruce and Russ thought the public was ready for a new adventures of the beloved Disney characters. Since the time of the reprint era of Whitman and Gold Key, a whole new group of very talented writers and artists had sprung up all around the

world. With that in mind, Gladstone Publishing was founded so it could re-present some of the best Disney comics ever produced — stories by the legendary writers and artists and, in addition, stories by artists outside the United States. These foreign artists and writers have built on (and expanded) concepts originated in the United States. I thought that it was a great idea to expose the American public to some of the great work done by the Dutch, French, Danish, German, Italian and Brazilian talent.

Gladstone published **Uncle Scrooge** #210 in October, 1986 starting the numbering where the Whitman series had left off! In November, 1987, Gladstone added a brand new series entitled **Uncle Scrooge Adventures**.

With these new Gladstone comic books (which also included **WDC&S, Donald Duck**, and **Mickey Mouse**), the classic tales by such legends as Carl Barks, Floyd Gottfredson and Paul Murry gained fresh new audiences, while a new breed of creator came to light with the first published works of William Van Horn and Don Rosa.

With the release of Don Rosa's "Son of the Sun" (**US** #219, July 1987), American readers were treated to a new book-length feature which re-introduced my old nemesis, Flintheart Glomgold. Old Flinty was up to his nasty tricks again! This new adventure story drew the attention of many fans back to the Uncle Scrooge titles and I was back in full force!

The new Gladstone titles were so successful that after their initial licensing agreement with Disney expired, Disney Publications made the decision to enter the comic book publishing field. They published **US** #243 (June, 1990) until issue #280 (July, 1993). **Uncle Scrooge Adventures**, meanwhile, went on hiatus with Gladstone issue #21 (May, 1990).

In August of 1993, Gladstone once again became the publishers of the Disney material and Uncle Scrooge titles. **US** was now a bi-monthly series, and **USA** resumed its bimonthly schedule with issue #22 dated September, 1993. *Whew!*

What are the some of the highlights from this recent Gladstone Publishing period?

Hmm ... let's see now. Well, for the first time in over 25 years, the fans got treated to a new Carl Barks story "Horsing Around with History" was written by the Old Duck Man himself and drawn by William Van Horn. This story was showcased in the United States in **USA** #33 (July, 1995) and the 64-page special also reprinted "Only a Poor Old Man" from my first **Scrooge** comic.

Another one of my favorites is the long adventure story called "Guardians of the Lost Library" which appeared in **USA** #27 (July, 1994). This was a detailed, involved Don Rosa story which featured the nephews and myself on a worldwide quest to uncover the Lost Library of Alexandria. The surprise ending was a whopper!

In the companion title, **Uncle Scrooge**, we were treated to a twelve-issue series written and drawn by Rosa entitled "The Life and Times of Scrooge McDuck." This 212-page opus started in issue #285 (April, 1994) and ended in #296 (February, 1996). In 1995, the story was given the prestigious Eisner Award for the Best Serialized Story. Come to think of it, these stories are still continuing — with additional chapters scheduled in years to come. You can add "Hearts of the Yukon," which appeared in **Walt Disney Giant** #1 (September, 1995), and "The Vigilante of Pizen Bluff" (soon to be published in **US** #315) to this saga! That's 260 pages of my biography right there! The "Life of Scrooge" series utilizes thousands of Barksian facts from his canon of stories and integrates them into a new narrative that concludes right before the events leading up to my debut in "Christmas on Bear Mountain."

Looking back at it all, it's been a grand and glorious adventure. But now m'lad, as you can see, the sand has sifted through my hourglass and I've got things to do, people to see, and places to go! I appreciate the opportunity to set the record straight once and for all!

As I was escorted to the entrance of the building (and given a map so I could avoid the many hidden traps and snares on my way to the parking lot), I couldn't help but reflect upon what had just transpired.

Old Scrooge, despite his age, is still an imposing and commanding character. He still aggressively defends his baubles, trinkets and treasures against scalawags and ne'er-do-wells. It's not the monetary value he places on these objects that causes him to resist these repeated attempts — it's the cherished memories they hold! Each coin in his coffer represents something emotional and personal. Each and every item in Scrooge's three cubic acres of valuables has a meaning and importance all its own.

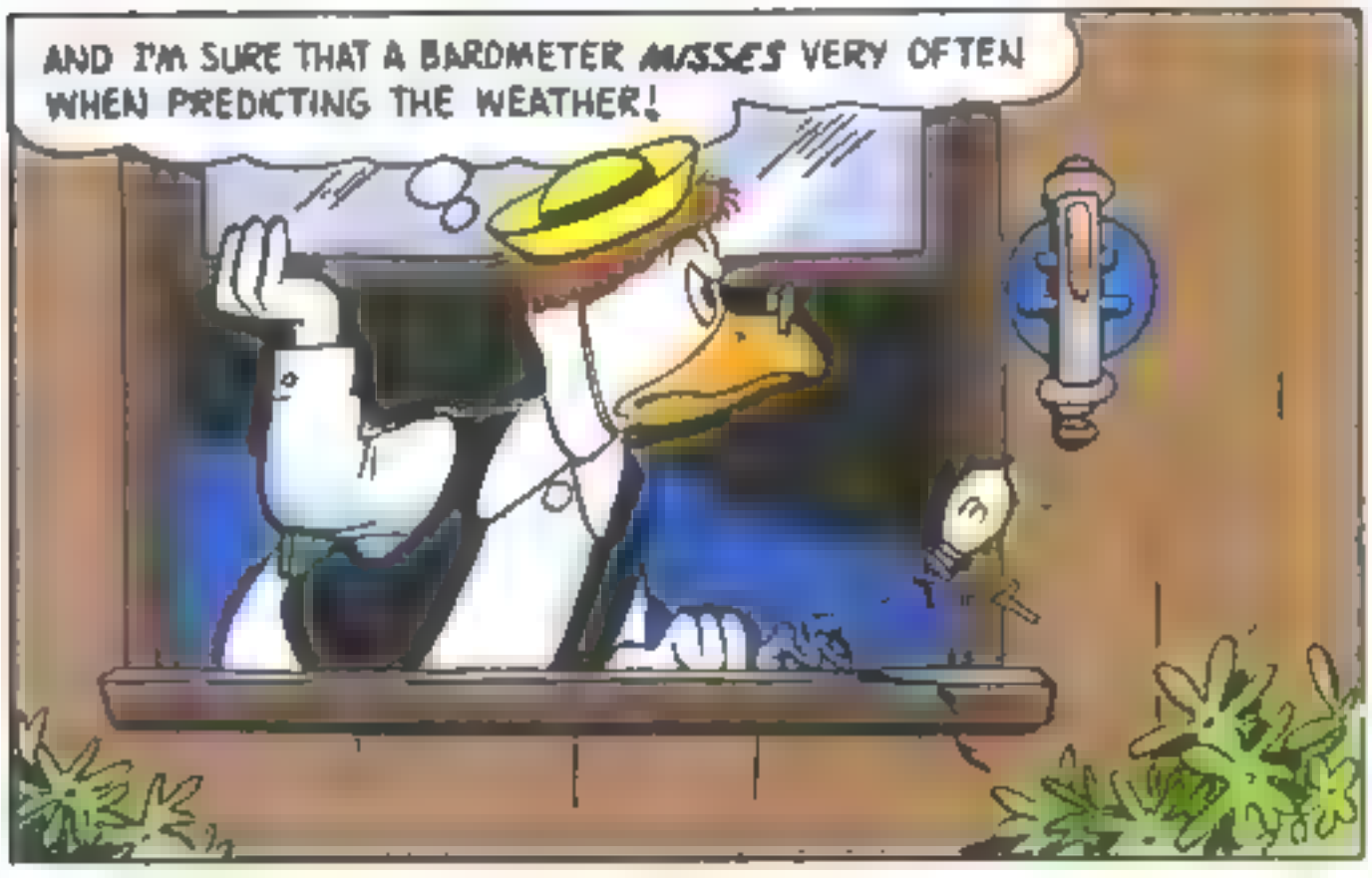
The spirit of Uncle Scrooge is less about what we collect and more about **why** we collect! The comforting feeling of surrounding ourselves with the mementos and memories of our lives helps to enrich our day-to-day experiences, whether it's a comic book, toy, premium or animation cel.

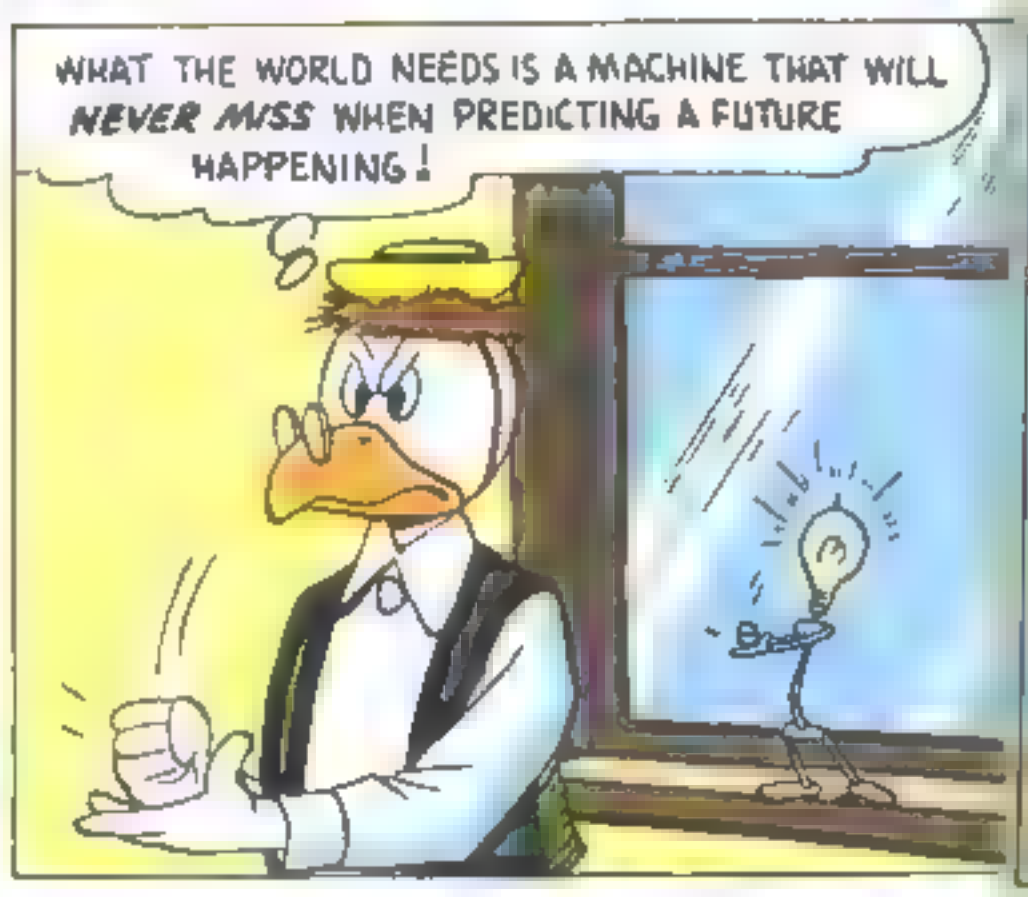
So a heart-felt "Thank You" to Uncle Scrooge McDuck, for the 50 years of memories and adventures. We look forward to joining you for another 50 years of fun!

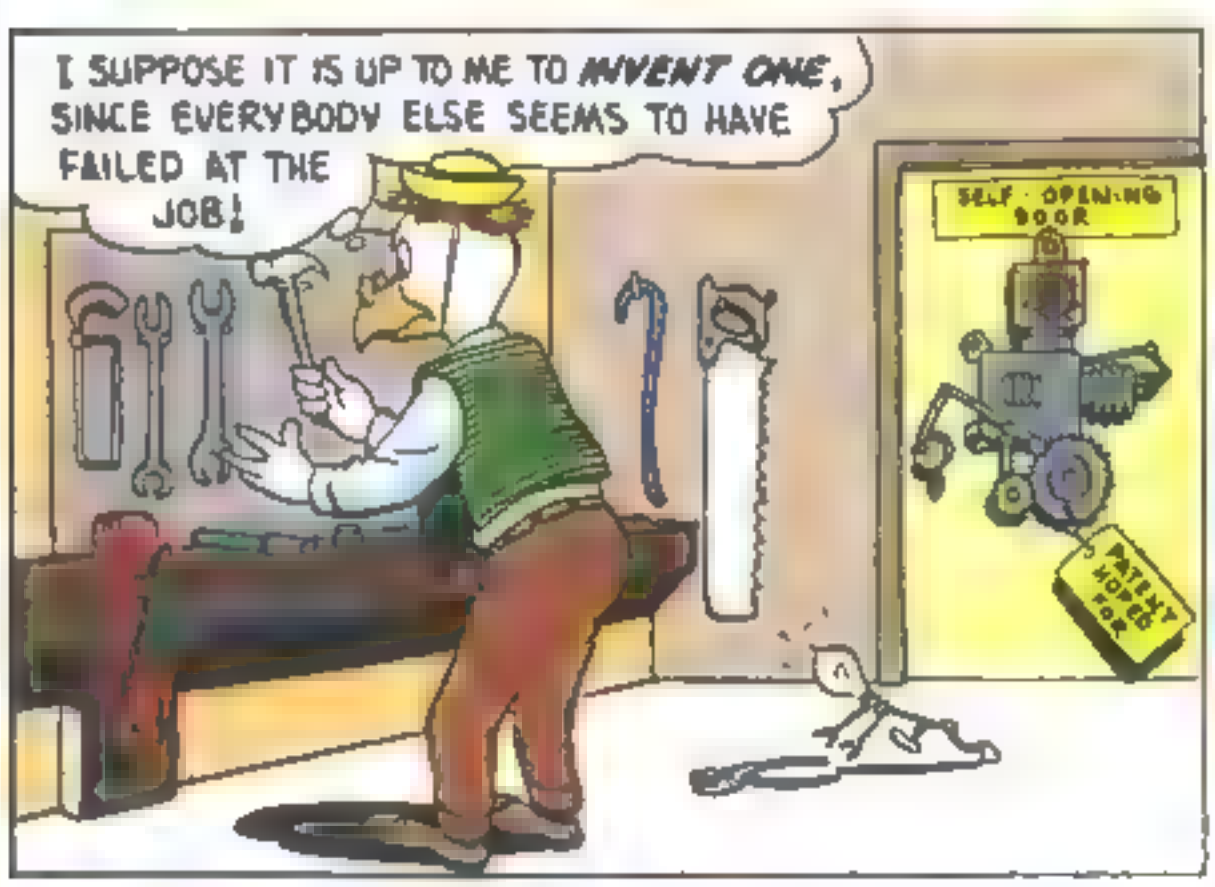
A special thank you to Don Rosa, Steve Geppi, John Snyder, Lisa and Gary Carter, Pat Calhoun and David Gerstein.

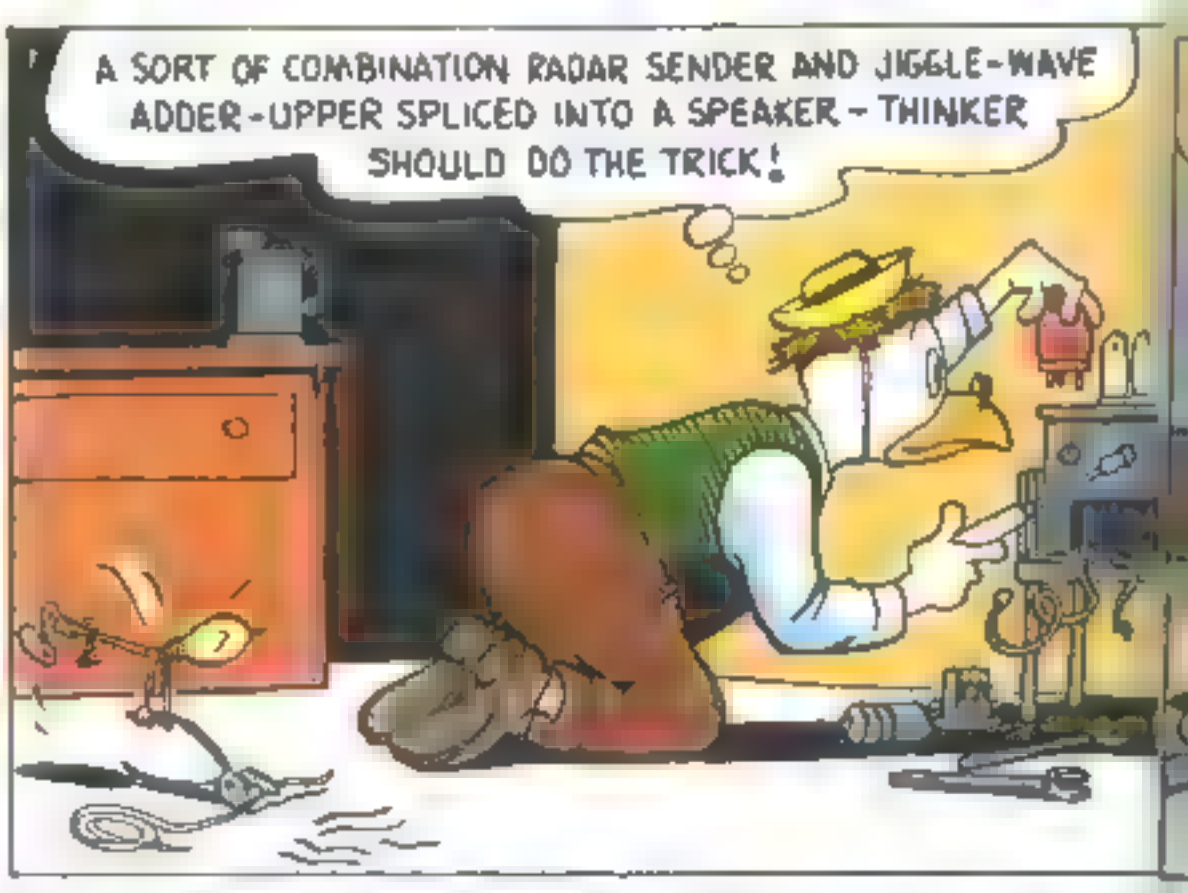
Additional artwork: Opposite page: William Van Horn. Top: Carl Barks. Bottom: Daan Jippes. Color by Susan Daigle-Leach

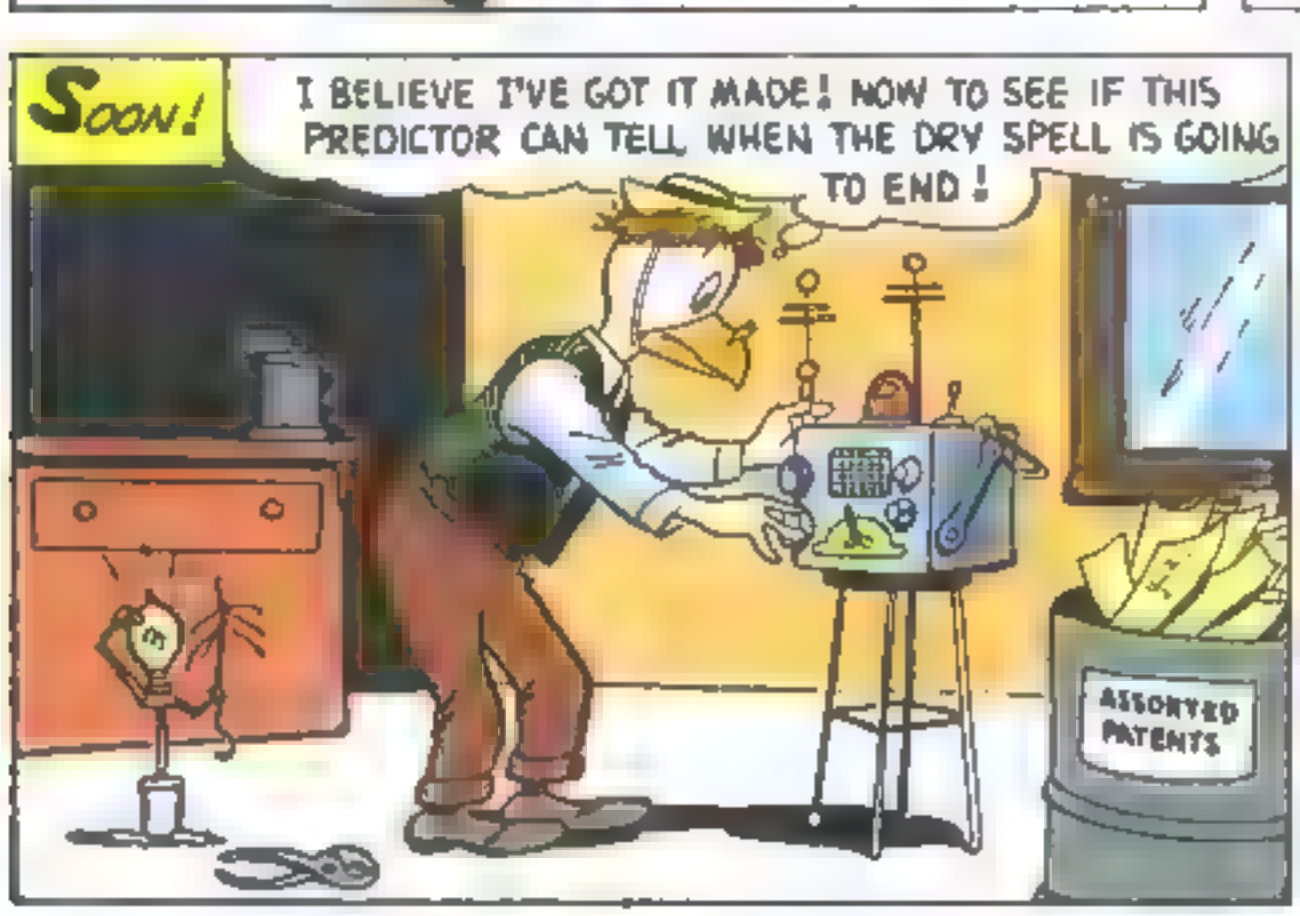
Walt Disney's Gyro Gearloose

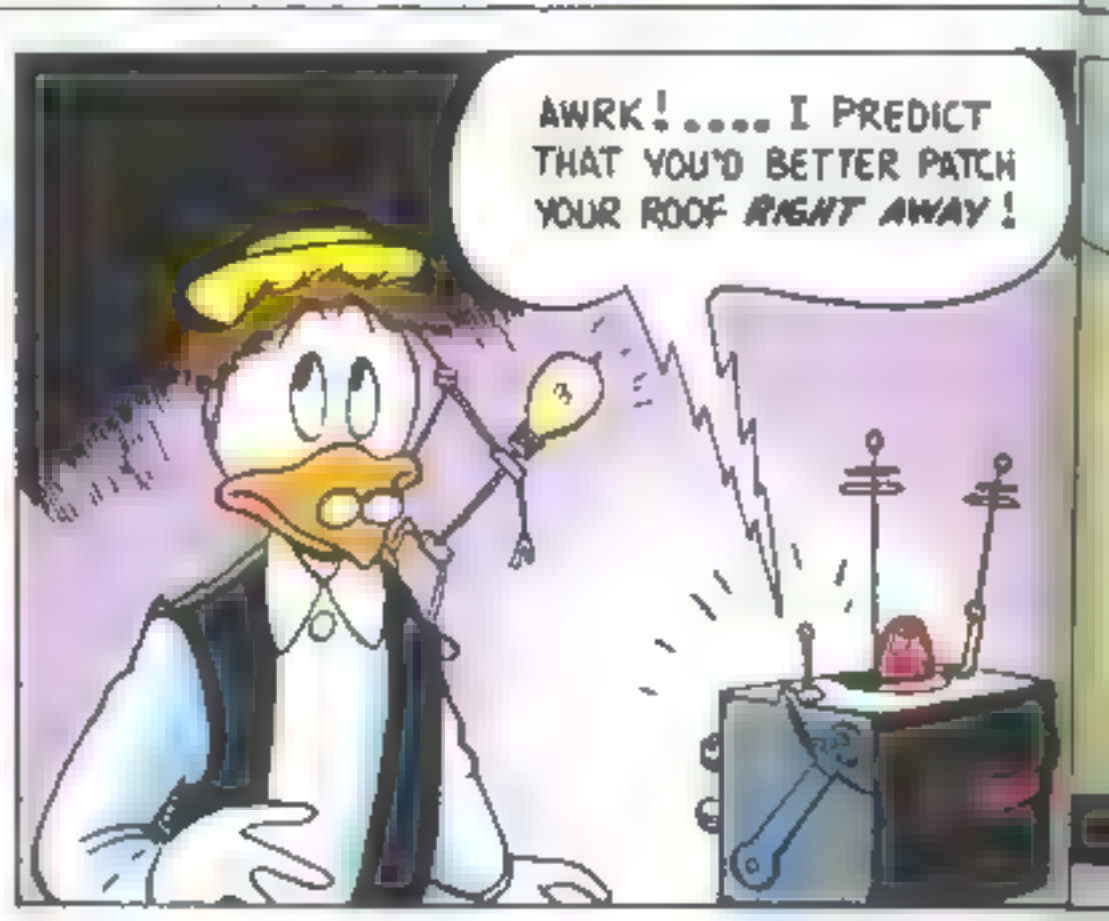





I SUPPOSE IT IS UP TO ME TO *INVENT ONE*, SINCE EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO HAVE FAILED AT THE JOB!
SELF-OPENING DOOR
PATENT HOPED FOR







WHAT DOES THAT CRAZY MACHINE *MEAN*! THERE ISN'T A *CLOUD* IN SIGHT!

PHOOEY! ALL THAT *WORK*, AND I MAKE A PREDICTOR THAT GUESSES *WRONG*!

WHOOSH SPLATTER

?

THAT ISN'T *RAIN*! WHERE IS THIS WATER COMING FROM?

SORRY, SIR! WE WERE TESTING THIS HYDRANT, AND THE HOSE SLIPPED!

GYRO GEARLOOSE INVENTOR

DOGGONE ME! THAT MACHINE EITHER *KNEW* THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, OR IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS!

I KNOW HOW I'LL TEST IT — ON SOMETHING I CAN *WATCH*!

CLICK

NOW, WISE LITTLE PREDICTOR, *WHICH* OF THESE FIGHTERS IS GOING TO *WIN* THIS FIGHT?

AWRK!...THE ONE IN THE *BLACK* TRUNKS!

BUT *NOW*, AND *WHEN*, AND *WHAT ROUND*?

AWRK! *THIRD* ROUND BY A K.O. IN ONE MINUTE, FIFTY-EIGHT SECONDS!

I'LL BE KAYOED MYSELF! ONE MINUTE, FIFTY-EIGHT SECONDS ON THE NOSE!

SAY, THIS MACHINE MAY HAVE SOMETHING! I'LL GIVE IT *ANOTHER* TEST!

TELL ME, WISIE, WHERE I'LL BE MOST LIKELY TO CATCH A *BIG* FISH!

AWRK! BY THE FALLEN TREE!

THANKS, PAL!

OH, BOY! OH, BOY!

SPLOOK

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT FISH WOULD BE *BIGGER* THAN ME? (BLUP!)

AND THEN COMES THE AWFUL TRUTH!

AWRK! YOU DIDN'T ASK ME!

UH OH! I SEE WHERE THIS ORACLE HAS A *WEAKNESS*! IT ONLY DOES THE *LAST HALF* OF THE FORETELLING!

So- I'LL GIVE YOU A *REAL TEST* ON THIS *BLIND CORNER*, WISIE! TELL ME IF ANY CARS ARE MOVING ON THE CROSS ROAD!

AWRK! I PREDICT THAT A *TRUCK* WILL BE ALONG AS YOU TURN THE CORNER!

WHICH *WAY* WILL IT BE GOING?

NORTH! AND I'M TURNING *SOUTH* INTO THE RIGHT LANE! I'M SURE IT'S *SAFE* TO GO AHEAD!

NORTHDALE 3

CRASH!

YOU CLOSE-MOUTHED *FIEND*! WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL ME* THAT TRUCK WOULD BE ON THE *WRONG* SIDE OF THE ROAD?

OH, NEVER MIND! I KNOW WHAT YOU'D SAY — *"YOU DIDN'T ASK ME"!*

And so - WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE FUTURE, SIR? I CAN TELL YOU *ALL* THE ANSWERS!

YOU MAY KNOW ALL THE *ANSWERS*, SONNY, BUT I'VE JUST DISCOVERED I COULD *NEVER* THINK OF ALL THE *QUESTIONS*!

Report From DIAMOND MOUNTAIN

by
Geoffrey Blum

It's time to debunk the diamond story.

For months now fans have been clamoring for a reprint of "The Mystery of Diamond Mountain," first published forty years ago in **Mickey Mouse** 47. The story, ably but not inspirationally drawn by Paul Murry, has achieved cult status thanks to a confluence of talent in the scripting. Everyone who contributed was either an established author or a rising star. Moreover, at one time or another these men all moved in the same literary circles, writing fiction for popular magazines and scripts for Hollywood. As we shall see, it's these externals, not any trenchancy of plotting or art, that have given the diamond story its cachet.

First there's Charles Beaumont, actually Charles Leroy Nutt, but Beaumont makes a more resonant byline. A master of the short, macabre tale, he was part of the large community of fantasy writers that flocked to Los Angeles in the 1950s: Ray Bradbury, Forrest Ackerman, Richard Matheson, and John Collier are just four of his famous colleagues. His 1954 story "Black Country" has the distinction of being the first piece of original fiction published in **Playboy**; he soon became a contributing editor and wrote many stories and articles for the magazine. He was also a screenwriter (ever see **The Seven Faces of Doctor Lao**?) and a scripter for the television series **The Twilight Zone**. By the time he died in 1967 this talented man had racked up an impressive list of credits.

About the time his career was taking off, Beaumont sold some thirty comic book scripts to Western Publishing, ten in collaboration with fellow fantasist William F. Nolan. Nolan, a literary jack-of-all-trades if ever there was one, is best known for the novel **Logan's Run** and its subsequent screen adaptation, but in his day he has also been an editor, anthologist, television scripter, book reviewer, and poet. He and Beaumont began their collaboration modestly in 1954 with a **Li'l Bad Wolf** story, graduated the following year to **Woody Woodpecker** and **Tweety and Sylvester**, and found their niche in 1956 writing adventure tales for **Mickey Mouse**.[1] Of the seven Mickey stories they co-wrote, "Diamond Mountain" stands out, largely for the contribution of its third author.

F. Scott Fitzgerald needs no introduction, but some of his early stories do. "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz" is a pre-Great Gatsby fantasy of unlimited wealth or, to put it bluntly, wealth gone wild. Fitzgerald once explained that the tale "was designed utterly for my own amusement. I was in a mood characterized by a perfect craving for luxury, and the story began as an attempt to feed that craving on imaginary foods." How he stopped at that point, the story might have been an immediate success. As Carl Barks has observed, "most people like to fantasize about money." From the opening page, however, it's clear that Fitzgerald was launching a satiric attack on the rich, and this made his editors squeamish. His streak of blasphemy ruffled feathers, too — we'll get to that in a minute.[2] At a time when the **Saturday Evening Post** was paying him $1500 for a long story, the author had to settle for $360 from **The Smart Set**. He cut the manuscript by one quarter, and it appeared in the June 1922 issue under the title "The Diamond in the Sky." He collected it that same year in **Tales of the Jazz Age**, then moved on to greater things, carrying with him the themes we discern in these early pages.

The story tells of John Unger, the son of solid industrial money from Hades. That's Fitzgerald's little joke on the middle classes: to the super-rich they seem hellishly provincial. He rather beat this one into the ground riffing about asbestos pocketbooks, the senior Mr. Unger trying to update Dante's inscription over the city gates ("Hades — Your Opportunity"), and John leaving home to attend the fashionable St. Midas' School near Boston, but this last gag gets the story rolling. At school John meets the rich and mysterious Percy Washington, who invites him home for the summer holidays. There John falls in love with Percy's sister Kismine, but property, not romance, is Fitzgerald's focus. The family estate turns out to be a gigantic ranch high in the Montana Rockies, concealed with such autocratic and technological clout that James Bond would marvel:

"The first time my grandfather corrupted a whole department of the State survey," says Percy; "the second time he had the official maps of the United States tinkered with.... The last time was harder. My father fixed it so that their compasses were in the strongest magnetic field ever artificially set up. He had a whole set of surveying instruments made with a slight defection that would allow for this territory not to appear, and he substituted them for the ones that were to be used. Then he had a river deflected and he had what looked like a village built up on its banks — so that they'd see it, and think it was a town ten miles further up the valley" (pp. 187-188).

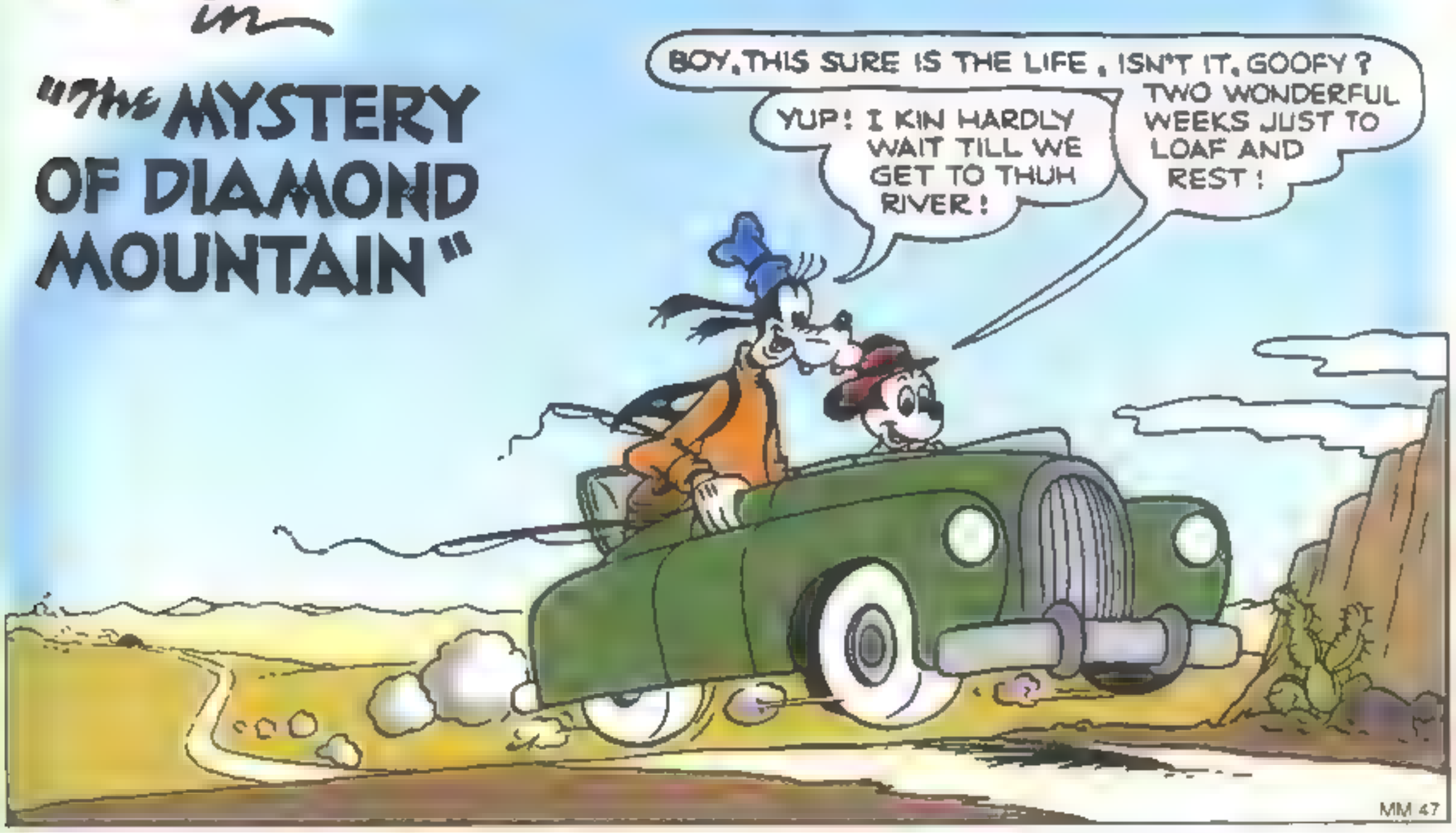
The Washingtons prove to be frighteningly rich, though the frightening part emerges only gradually. Fitzgerald spends the first half of his story playing Barkslike games with exaggerated depictions of wealth. John wakes in the morning, is helped out of his pajamas by a black manservant, then hidden mechanisms tilt his bed, part the draperies, and roll him into a luxurious sunken bath. The rest of the family château is even more impressive. Fitzgerald conveys it in a blur of pastel colors and glittering lights, a dream of furs and ivories and dinner plates

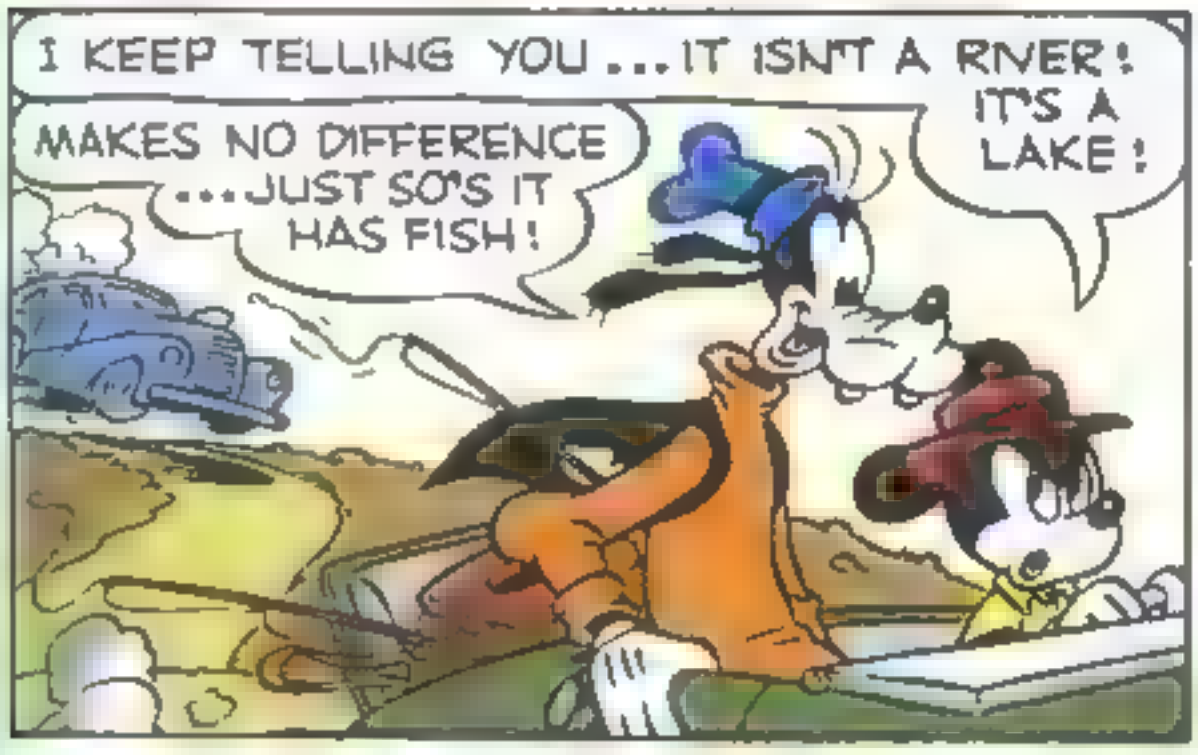
(continued on page 5)

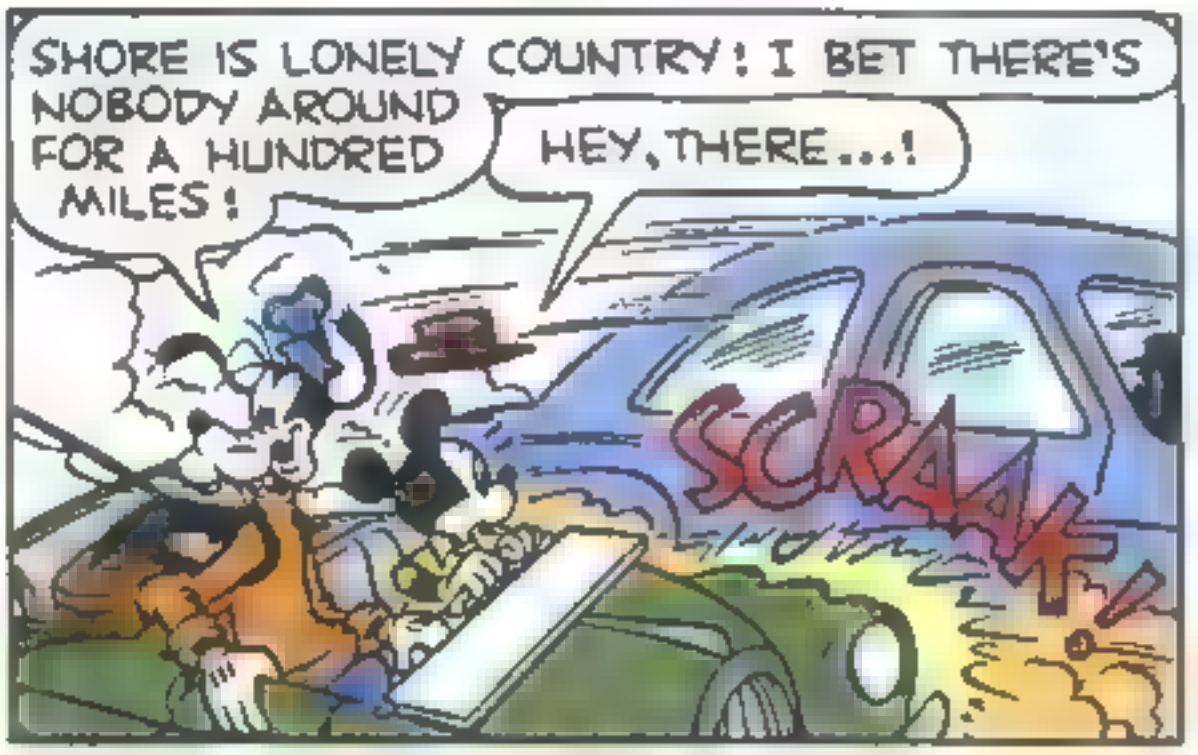
Mickey Mouse

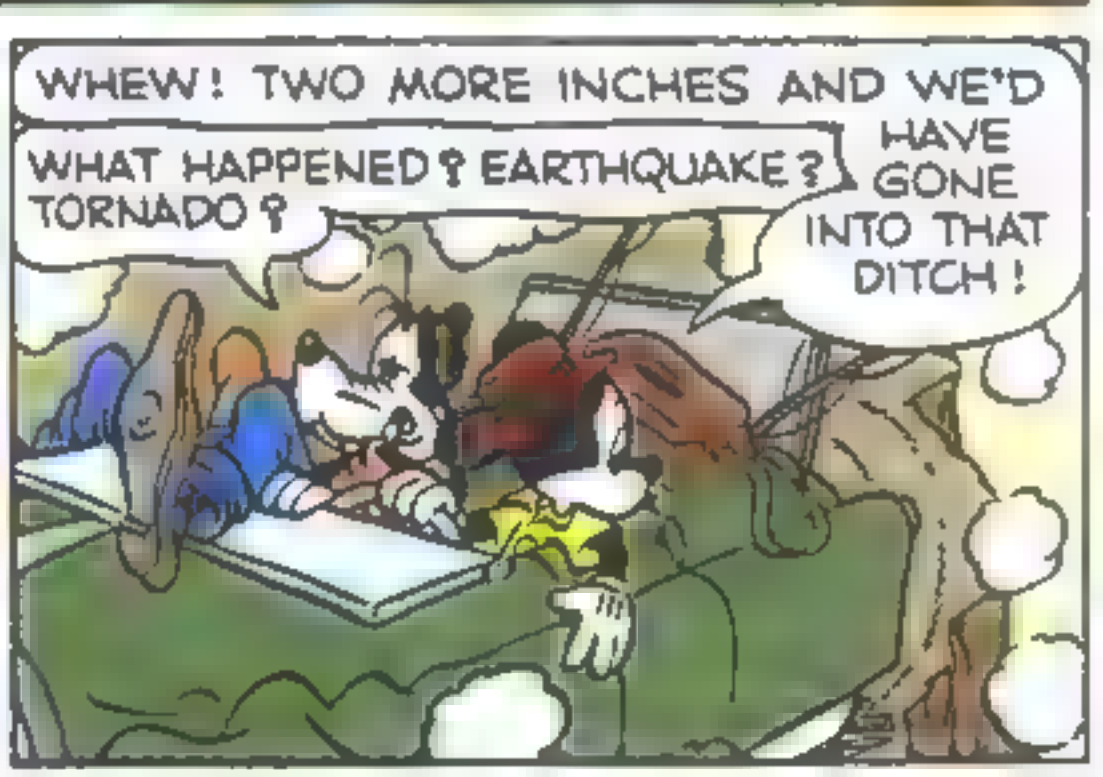
in

"The MYSTERY OF DIAMOND MOUNTAIN"


BOY, THIS SURE IS THE LIFE, ISN'T IT, GOOFY? TWO WONDERFUL WEEKS JUST TO LOAF AND REST!
YUP! I KIN HARDLY WAIT TILL WE GET TO THUH RIVER!
MM 47







AND I THOUGHT WE WERE GETTING AWAY FROM TRAFFIC! JUST LOOK AT THAT!
WELL, WE'RE SHORE OFF TO A FINE START!
BY GOLLY, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THAT BIG LUMMOX PAY FOR THIS DAMAGE!
YUH THINK WE KIN KETCH UP WITH HIM?
WE CAN TRY!
YIKES!
SCREEEE

SOMETHING'S FUNNY ABOUT THIS, GOOFY! THE ROAD *ENDS* HERE!

I KNOW! I FOUND OUT THUH HARD WAY!

LOOK AT THIS... TIRE MARKS THAT STOP RIGHT AT THE CLIFF!

SO WHAT? OURS STOP, TOO!

THAT OTHER CAR DIDN'T TURN AROUND, THOUGH! THERE'S ONLY ONE SET OF TRACKS!

WHY DON'T WE JUST FORGET IT AND GO FISHIN'?

BUT THAT CAR COULDN'T HAVE JUST *DISAPPEARED!*

CLICK!

WHAT THUH DICKENS...!

OF COURSE! AN ELEVATOR! QUICK, GOOFY, JUMP ON!

MADE IT!

UMPH!

NOW I'M *SURE* THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON!

YUH MEAN WE CAN GO FISHIN' UP HERE?

THIS IS THUH FIRST TIME I EVER GOT AIRSICK ON A FISHIN' TRIP!

WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE TOP *EVENTUALLY!*

COME ON, GOOFY! LET'S GET OFF THIS THING!

OKAY!

GOSH, WE MUST BE FIVE HUNDRED FEET UP!

WHOOSH!

I WONDER WHERE WE... (ULP!)

GAWRSH! LOOK AT THAT!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AM I DREAMIN', MICKEY, OR IS THAT REALLY A GLASS MOUNTAIN?

IF YOU'RE DREAMING, THEN I AM, TOO! BECAUSE I SEE THE SAME THING!

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY WHOLE LIFE!

ME, NEITHER! BUT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

FIRST OF ALL, WE'RE GOING TO FIND SOMEBODY TO PAY FOR MY DENTED FENDER... AND THERE'S THE CAR THAT DID IT! COME ON, GOOFY!

GAWRSH! THUH CAR'S HALF GLASS!

I WONDER!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T GLASS! IT'S...

QUITE CORRECT!

IT'S PURE DIAMOND!

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

MY NAME IS GERALD FITZ, GENTLEMEN! AND MAY I ASK WHAT YOU ARE DOING ON MY PROPERTY?

I'M HERE TO COLLECT DAMAGES FOR A FENDER YOUR CAR DENTED!

OH, I SAY! HA! HA! MITZI, DID YOU HEAR THAT? THESE FELLOWS *DARED* TO ENTER OUR DOMAIN FOR...ER, OH, THIS IS VERY FUNNY!

SFZZZT! YOWZLE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU WON'T THINK IT'S SO FUNNY WHEN YOU HAVE TO PUT OUT FORTY DOLLARS!

FORTY DOLLARS? OH, HAW! HAW! FORTY DOLLARS!

(*WHISPER*) THUH PORE FELLER'S HYSTERICAL, MICKEY! BETTER MAKE IT THIRTY DOLLARS!

HO! HO! OH, THIS IS SIMPLY PRICELESS!

ALL RIGHT, GIVE ME THIRTY DOLLARS, AND WE'LL BE SQUARE!

CERTAINLY! OF COURSE!

THAT OUGHT TO COVER THE DAMAGE, DON'T YOU THINK?

HUH?

BUT... WHILLIKERS, MISTER, THIS IS A DIAMOND! IT MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND, I SHOULD SAY, AT AN OFFHAND ESTIMATE!

UH... SURE... WELL... GUESS WE'LL BE LEAVING! YOU SEE, WE'RE LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT!

SNAP!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT I MUST BEG YOU TO BE MY GUESTS FOR A WHILE!

YIKES!

YOU MUST ACCEPT MY HOSPITALITY! MITZI HAS TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU! HAVEN'T YOU, MITZI?

MEOWWR! SPIT! FZZZLE!

OKAY! OKAY! IT LOOKS LIKE MITZI INSISTS!

WE BOTH DO! WE SELDOM GET VISITORS HERE!

I WONDER WHY?

SNAP!

WELL, WE'RE RATHER SECLUDED, SO TO SPEAK! NO DOUBT, YOU HAVE ALREADY SEEN MY MOUNTAIN!

HOW COULD WE MISS IT?

BUT WHAT GOOD'S A MOUNTAIN MADE OF GLASS?

GLASS? DEAR ME, NO!

BUT IF IT ISN'T GLASS, THEN WHAT IS IT?

WHY, I SHOULD THINK YOU'D HAVE GUESSED! IT'S *DIAMOND!*

WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

UNBELIEVABLE, BUT TRUE! THE ENTIRE MOUNTAIN IS ONE LARGE PERFECT DIAMOND! COME! YOU WILL SEE!

ALL MY LIFE I LOOKED FOR LEGENDARY "DIAMOND MOUNTAIN"! AT LAST I HAVE FOUND IT!

BUT... HOW?

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THIS LOOKED LIKE AN ORDINARY MOUNTAIN! THEN, LAST YEAR'S EARTHQUAKE SHOOK LOOSE THE LAYER OF SOIL THAT COVERED IT AND REVEALED THE DIAMOND UNDER-NEATH!

FORTUNATELY, I WAS THE FIRST TO SPOT IT!

WHY HASN'T ANYONE ELSE EVER FOUND IT? DON'T AIRPLANES EVER FLY OVER THIS WAY?

THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS, OF COURSE! THEY ARE ALSO MY "GUESTS"!

YOU MEAN...?

EXACTLY! NO ONE WHO STUMBLES UPON THE SECRET OF DIAMOND MOUNTAIN EVER LEAVES TO TELL ABOUT IT!

I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR ROOM SATISFACTORY, GENTLEMEN!

SLEEP WELL! TOMORROW YOU GO TO WORK IN THE MINES!

CLANG!

JUST A MINUTE THERE! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

YUH KNOW, MICKEY, I DON'T THINK I LIKE THAT FELLER!

GAWRSH! WE MUST BE IN JAIL!

WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO STAY IN IT, GOOFY! IF THAT FELLOW THINKS HE CAN MAKE SLAVES OF US, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO SAVE ALL OF US!

UH...TAKE IT EASY, MICK! THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JAIL, AFTER ALL!

WOWIE! IT SURE DOESN'T... BUT I'M AFRAID IT *IS*!

LOOK! THERE'S A WINDOW!

THESE BARS ARE MADE OF SOLID STEEL! WE'RE REALLY STUCK!

HEY, LOOK, GOOFY! A PLANE!

HE SEES THE DIAMOND MOUNTAIN!

GAWRSH! NOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN?

MEANWHILE...

WELL, WELL! MORE VISITORS, EH, MITZI? SHALL WE GIVE THEM A ROYAL WELCOME?

PURRRRRR!

THEY OUGHT TO BE IN POSITION NOW!

AH! PERFECT CATCH, I'D SAY!

AND NOW DOWN! GENTLY DOES IT!

WELCOME TO DIAMOND MOUNTAIN, FRIENDS!

BACK TO MICKEY AND GOOFY...

DID YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S HOW HE KEEPS THIS MOUNTAIN A SECRET!

GAWRSH! JUST LIKE NETTIN' A FISH!

HE PROBABLY GOT THE MONEY TO BUILD ALL THIS BY SELLING PIECES OF THE MOUNTAIN!

BUT WHY DOESN'T HE WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW ABOUT IT?

IF FOLKS FIND OUT THERE'S A DIAMOND MOUNTAIN, DIAMONDS WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL! THIS WAY, HE CAN BECOME THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

WHAT HAPPENS TO US, THOUGH?

I DON'T LIKE TO THINK! HE COULD DO ANYTHING!

I'M SHORE HUNGRY! WE HAVEN'T HAD LUNCH YET, YUH KNOW!

SAY! MAYBE THIS WON'T BE SO BAD, AFTER ALL!

I WISH I COULD AGREE!

EVEN THUH KNIVES 'N' FORKS ARE MADE OUT O' DIAMOND, MICKEY! THIS IS REALLY LIVIN' HIGH!

SOMETIMES I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, GOOFY! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE?

HEY! WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

I FORGET!

YOU SAID "EVEN THE SILVERWARE IS MADE OUT OF DIAMOND"!

YUP... IT'S RIGHT FANCY!

DIAMOND IS THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE IN THE WORLD! IT'LL CUT ANYTHING... EVEN STEEL!

I WISH YOU'D TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN' AT!

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!

SCREEK!

SCREEEK!

SHORTLY...

THERE!

THAT WAS SHORE SMART THINKIN', MICKEY!

NOW IF WE CAN ONLY SURPRISE GERALD FITZ AND FORCE HIM TO FREE ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS...

THAT WON'T BE EASY, I KIN TELL!

WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE, ANYWAY! LET'S GO!

LOOK! THERE'S SOME AIRYPLANES!

IMAGINE, GOOFY, HE'S CAPTURED FOUR PLANES...AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM! IT'S UP TO US TO RELEASE THEM!

WE'RE IN LUCK, GOOFY! I THINK THOSE ARE THE KEYS!

(WHISPER) HERE'S HOPING!

CLINK!

FSST!

OH-OH!

WALL STREET JOURNAL

WHAT'S WRONG, MITZI? ... MY *KEYS!* COME ON!

FSSSSST!

QUICK, GOOFY! LET THE OTHERS OUT! I'LL TRY TO HOLD OFF HERE!

OKAY, MICKEY!

STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!

OOOOF!

HANDS UP, MR. FITZ!

EH? WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU ESCAPED MY ESCAPE-PROOF GUEST ROOM, BUT IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!

WHY NOT?

BECAUSE MITZI, MY LITTLE PET, WILL STOP YOUR FRIEND BEFORE HE CAN DO A THING!

OMIGOSH! POOR GOOFY!

MEANWHILE...

NICE KITTY! NICE KITTY! GAWRSH! WHAT'LL I DO?

MEOWWWR! FSZZT!

MAYBE SOME OF THIS BAIT I BROUGHT ALONG FOR THUH FISH'LL HOLD HIM...

LUNCHTIME, KITTY! COME 'N' GET IT!

I'D SHORE BETTER HURRY! HAVEN'T GOT ANY MORE BAIT LEFT!

MEANWHILE...

IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO GOOFY I'LL...

GOOD HEAVENS!

WELL, I'LL BE...

AW, CUT IT OUT! THE SARDINES ARE ALL GONE, I TELL YUH!

PURRRR!

YOU THINK YOU'VE BEATEN ME, EH? WELL, WE'LL SEE!

HUH?

IF I CAN'T HAVE DIAMOND MOUNTAIN ALL TO MYSELF, NO ONE ELSE SHALL HAVE IT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

THERE ARE TONS OF DYNAMITE IMBEDDED IN THE MOUNTAIN! ONE TOUCH OF THIS SWITCH AND THE WHOLE THING WILL BE BLOWN INTO THE LAKE!

STOP HIM!

TOO LATE! HA! HA!

KA-BLOOM!

NOW, NO ONE WILL HAVE IT!

OOF!

AND NO ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME! I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE!

AFTER HIM! HE'S HEADING FOR THE PLANES!

GAWRSH! WHAT HAPPENED TO THUH MOUNTAIN?

HUH! COULD'VE SWORE THERE WAS A MOUNTAIN HERE!

HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT!

I STILL HAVE ENOUGH DIAMONDS IN MY POCKETS TO LIVE LIKE A KING!

HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

THIS IS THUH DURNDEST *FISHIN'* TRIP I EVER SAW!

FISHING...GIVES ME AN IDEA!

HUH? DID I SAY SOMETHIN' AGAIN?

HERE'S HOPING I'M STILL IN FORM!

B'ROOOOOOM!

NOW!

VAROOOOM!

HEY!

SORRY, MISTER, BUT YOU STILL OWE ME FORTY DOLLARS FOR MY DENTED FENDER!

HE OWES YOU HIS *LIFE* ,TOO! THAT PLANE WOULD NEVER HAVE MADE IT!

BAH! DOUBLE BAH!

SHUCKS, WE NEVER DID GET TUH DO ANY FISHIN'!

YOU'RE WRONG, GOOFY! WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISH OF ALL... AND WE'LL KEEP HIM COOL AT CHIEF O'HARA'S CALABOOSE! HEH! HEH!

(continued from page 40)
cut from solid diamond, till the reader goes into sensory overload. So at times does the prose. "Diamond" is a young man's work, full of enthusiasm that leads now and then to alarmingly bad sentences like the following: "The Montana sunset lay between two mountains like a gigantic bruise from which dark arteries spread themselves over a poisoned sky" (p. 185). Occasionally a turn of phrase will surprise by its terseness and aptness, as when Fitzgerald describes the "chaste and consistent selfishness" of the Washingtons. Most of the time we simply have to ride the tide of the author's amusement, and the fun, by and large, is infectious.

None of this rich surge of language and imagery found its way into Beaumont's script. He borrowed sparingly, in fact, and tended to dumb down what he took. The mountain of solid diamond is present — it could hardly be otherwise — but proves to be just a glittering lump atop a desert mesa. You'd think that exposing a giant diamond to sight would be impressive, but Fitzgerald achieved much greater effects by never actually showing the jewel, using props and impressionist colors to create an aura of infinite wealth. The comic can boast no such props. The villain wears a jeweled stickpin and drives a diamond-encrusted car but lives in otherwise Spartan fashion in a small cabin. The one scene that approaches the kind of luxury Fitzgerald both paraded and parodied owes itself ironically to a typesetter's error. As published in 1922, the story describes "a room that was like a platonic conception of the ultimate prison — ceiling, floor and all, it was lined with an unbroken mass of diamonds" (p. 189). This is clearly the cell in which Mickey and Goofy are locked, and it's Murry's most impressive panel; but Fitzgerald's own copy of **Tales of the Jazz Age** contains his handwritten note emending "prison" to "prism."

As a small tribute Beaumont named the villain of his comic Gerald Fitz. One wonders why he bothered, since his borrowings keep little faith with Fitzgerald. The elevator that takes our heroes up the mesa is adapted from a far more practical assemblage of hooks and cables in the original; as drawn by Murry, the platform on a pole is a physical impossibility. The battery of anti-aircraft guns protecting the diamond turns into a net on retractable arms, a machine which is comic-book cute but lacking in menace. The same can be said of the story's climax. Fitzgerald pushed the immolation of the Washington estate to apocalyptic dimensions, yet Beaumont dispatches his diamond hillock in one panel. Moreover, the comic's final page is ludicrous. With his fascination for the kind of technology that could keep a five-mile chunk of mountain land off government maps, Fitzgerald would never have countenanced the rescue with the fishing pole, a cartoony bit of impossible action that has no place in a serious adventure. Bend the rules, by all means, but do it with style.

Granted, there are darker elements in his story that would not have transferred to a comic book pitched at five-year-olds. Fitzgerald made no bones about portraying the hardheartedness and callous abuse of power that he felt went hand-in-hand with great riches. The Washington dynasty is tough and vicious in ways that would shame Don Rosa's version of young Scrooge McDuck. When Grandfather Fitz-Norman Washington, the first entrepreneur, discovers the diamond mountain and realizes he must keep it secret, he sends south for his "colored following," transfers them to Montana, and convinces them that slavery was never abolished. His son Braddock continues the deception, installs heavy artillery for shooting down airplanes, and digs a pit into the diamond for imprisoning the pilots. Occasionally he allows Percy and Kismine to bring home their school chums, but these are gently executed at the end of each visit. When one aviator does escape and returns with enough fire power to level the estate, Braddock Washington climbs to the top of his mountain carrying his largest and most flawless gem, and attempts to bribe God into turning the tide of battle. His daughters are not much better. When a well-placed bomb obliterates the servants' quarters, Kismine simply sniffs, "There go fifty thousand dollars worth of slaves at prewar prices. So few Americans have any respect for property" (p. 209).

This is poison too strong for a Disney comic, but some compromise might have been achieved to keep the lush textures and Gothic thrills of Fitzgerald's original. Merill de Maris and Floyd Gottfredson showed it was possible to put Mickey and Goofy into just such an adventure when they wrote "The Bar-None Ranch" in 1940. That newspaper serial had all the technology, air power, vulgar display of riches, and some of the evil of Fitzgerald's fantasy, and Murry adapted it with only a bit of muting for **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** in 1959. His toned-down Peg-Leg Pete is still a menacing villain, whereas Gerald Fitz is just a fat, smiling lout with a gun. By the same token, Pete's stronghold in the redrawn "Bar-None Ranch" bristles with visual touches, while Fitz's hideaway is bare. We can only suppose that Beaumont's script lacked sufficient stage directions to inspire a more detailed treatment from Murry.

Perhaps I've been writing about Carl Barks for too long, but I can't help wondering what he would have done with such a rich vein of source material. Tone down the racial element, to be sure, but I suspect he'd have kept the ambiguities about wealth and reveled in the satire. Decadent lure and destructive power coupled with an unthinking, almost childlike joy in playing with money — that's what the **Uncle Scrooge** comics are about. I see him enjoying Fitzgerald's language, too, snorting at some of the effusive passages but finding a way to work other purple phrases into his own narrative. Remember Barks kept a file of adventure pulps and cultivated an ear for cadence and alliteration. In comparison to his comics, Beaumont's script is matter-of-fact and flat.

It's true that Barks was writing to please himself while Beaumont was cranking out kiddie fodder to pay the rent. It's also true that Mickey does not invite the sort of romantic posturing we find in the duck comics. Yet in the end we keep butting up against the real mystery of Beaumont's mountain. Given such a promising genesis, where did all the glitter go?

Article © 1997 Geoffrey B

See William F. Nolan, **The Work of Charles Beaumont: An Annotated Bibliography and Guide**, ed. R. Reginald (San Bernardino: The Borgo Press, 1988), p. 56. At this date it's hard to say how much of the "Montmain" script is by Beaumont and how much by Nolan. For the sake of brevity I have used Beaumont's name throughout the text.

Quoted in **The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald**, ed. Matthew J. Bruccoli (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1989), p. 182. Quotes from the story are also drawn from this edition and cited parenthetically in the text.

Walt Disney's

UNCLE SCROOGE

The Incredible Shrinking Tightwad

THANKS FOR LETTING US HELP YOU AT WORK TODAY, UNCA DONALD! WE NEED TO RESTOCK OUR PIGGY BANK'S CHRISTMAS FUND!

GO·

BE GONE!

ABANDON YE HOPE!

DINER NOT FOUR

D 94202

DON'T GET SO EXCITED! UNCLE SCROOGE'S 30 CENTS PER HOUR GETS SORTA *THIN* WHEN YOU TRY TO STRETCH IT FOUR WAYS!

STILL, IT'S ALWAYS FASCINATING TO HELP UNCA SCROOGE STRAIGHTEN UP HIS "JUNK" CLOSETS!

YES, IT'S MORE FUN THAN I DESERVE, DARN ME!

AH, MR. McDUCK S EXPECTING YOU BOYS! HE'S ALREADY STARTED CLEANING OUT THE STOREROOM!

WILL YOU BE HELPING US, MISS QUACKFASTER?

NO, I NEED TO LEAVE EARLY TO TAKE SOME PAPERS TO THE TAX BUREAU! MR McDUCK IS *PERSONA NON GRATA* THERE SINCE THE LAST TIME HE VISITED THEM!

THAT WAS QUITE A FRACAS!

I'LL SAY! WHEN UNCLE SCROOGE FOUND OUT *HE* HAD TO PAY FOR THE THREE POLICE RIOT SQUAD CARS THAT WERE TOTALED HE WAS MADDER THAN A WET—

WHOOP!

KERTHUNK!

SO, TAKING A REST BREAK BEFORE YOU EVEN GET STARTED, EH, NEPHEW? JUST YOUR STYLE!

WHAT'S IN *THIS* STOREROOM, UNCA SCROOGE?

JUST ODDS AND ENDS THAT HAVE ACCUMULATED OVER THE YEARS, BOYS! I NEVER THROW *ANYTHING* AWAY!

NOOOOOO K DDING!

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT MIGHT BECOME *USEFUL* AGAIN IF YOU KEEP IT LONG ENOUGH! I GO THROUGH MY CLOSETS ONCE A YEAR AND TURN OLD *TRASH* INTO NEW *TREASURE!*

I'M GLAD YOU SAVED *THE STRING* — ESPECIALLY AFTER I SPENT THREE WEEKS REWINDING IT ACROSS THE TRANSVAAL VELDT!

LOOK HERE, UNCA DONALD! REMEMBER THIS?

UNCLE SCROOGE'S ATOM SUBTRACTOR!

YES, I USED IT TO *MINIATURIZE* WEATHER SATELLITES UNTIL IT PROVED TO BE *FAULTY!*

AND HERE'S HIS OLD SHOE-SHINE KIT!

CAREFUL WITH THAT!

HE HAS THE FIRST DIME HE EVER EARNED *AND* THE DIRTY RAGS HE USED TO EARN IT!

SHAKE A LEG, NEPHEW! I WANT THIS BIN TURNED COMPLETELY *UPSIDE DOWN* BEFORE YOU FINISH WORK TODAY!

OKAY! OKAY!

OOPS!

CLICK!

RRRRRRRR!

?

WHAT WAS THAT?

ER... JUST ME, UNCLE SCROOGE, GROWLING WITH DETERMINATION! *RRRRRRR!* HEH, HEH!

ULICK!

GROWL ON YOUR *OWN* TIME!

:WHEW!: GOOD THING I SHUT THIS GIZMO OFF SO *FAST!* IT SHOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME WITH SUCH A *BRIEF* ZAP AT *LOW* POWER!

WE THOJGHT THAT ATOM SUBTRACTOR WORKED FINE, UNCA SCROOGE!

THE *RECEIVING UNIT* MALFUNCTIONED, AND WITHOUT IT THE RAY FROM THIS REMAINING UNIT CAUSED MATTER TO BECOME *UNSTABLE!*

?

IT TURNED OUT THAT THE SATELLITES I SHRANK BEGAN SHRINKING *AGAIN* AFTER SEVERAL HOURS, UNTIL THEY DISAPPEARED *ALTOGETHER!*

I'LL BE DARNED!

BE DARNED ON YOUR *OWN* TIME! WORK! WORK!

LATER

I'M LEAVING NOW, BOYS! G'BYE!

BYE, MISS QUACKFASTER!

WHERE'S UNCA DONALD? IT'S TIME FOR OUR LUNCH BREAK!

HE'S SWEEPING OUT THE STOREROOM!

F'NISHED! NOW I NEED TO FIND UNCLE SCROOGE AND HAVE HIM TELL ME WHAT HE WANTS MOVED BACK INTO STORAGE HERE!

:WHEW!: THIS BROOM WEIGHS A TON! ODD... IT'S NOT LIKE THAT OLD TIGHT-WAD TO BUY THE *GIANT DELUXE* MODELS!

LUNCHTIME, UNCA DONALD! NOW YOU CAN DO SOME *SERIOUS* GROWLING, AND--

:ULP!:

UNCA DONALD! WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU?

I... I *DID* SKIP BREAKFAST THIS MORNING, BUT SURELY THAT —

WAIT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT SHORT RAY BLAST I TOOK FROM THE ATOM SUBTRACTOR! BUT UNCLE SCROOGE SAYS IT DOESN'T WORK! ER... RIGHT?

WAK!

NO! THIS THING WORKS ONLY *TOO* WELL! ONCE THE RAY *DESTABILIZES* AN OBJECT'S ATOMIC STRUCTURE, THE OBJECT SOON BEGINS SHRINKING ON IT'S *OWN!*

OOG!

WAK!

THINK BACK! WASN'T THERE A WAY TO *REVERSE* THIS MACHINE?

YES! BUT WE'LL NEED TO GET THE *BLUEPRINTS* FROM UNCA SCROOGE'S LAB!

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, UNCA DONALD! BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, *DON'T MOVE FROM THAT SPOT* UNTIL WE GET BACK!

LIKE A TREE, I'M ROOTED!

WAIT! THAT STUPID RAY MAY HAVE HIT *UNCLE SCROOGE*, TOO! WHERE IS HE?

I REMEMBER! HE SAID HE WAS GOING INTO THE CASH VAULT TO TAKE THE MID-DAY INVENTORY!

UNCLE SCROOGE! UNCLE SCROOGE!

SILENCE, NEPHEW! YOU'RE SPOILING A RARE MOMENT!

HUH?

FOR SOME REASON, I'M JUST NOW NOTICING THAT EVEN THOUGH THE PRICES HAVEN'T GONE UP, THEY'RE SELLING MUCH *HEFTIER* PENCILS THESE DAYS!

STILL NO REASON TO STOP BUYING THEM *USED* FROM THE DUCKBURG ELEMENTARY SCHOOL!

YOU WON'T BE SMILING WHEN I TELL YOU *WHY* THAT PENCIL SEEMS BIGGER! LISTEN

MEANWHILE...

IF UNCA DONALD STAYS PUT, WE CAN FIND HIM WHEN WE GET BACK, NO MATTER HOW *SMALL* HE SHRINKS!

ER... THAT MIGHT BE PRETTY SMALL!

THEN HURRY! THIS COULD TURN INTO A *MAJOR* CATASTOPHE!

JUST PRAY WE CAN GET BACK TO THE MONEY BIN IN TIME!

?

HM... TROUBLE AT OL' SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN, EH? THAT'S *VALUABLE* INFORMATION!

THE REST OF THE FELLERS WILL WANT TO HEAR *THIS!*

STOP! PRUNE THIEF!

LISTEN, YOU GUYS! SOMETHIN'S GOIN' ON THAT MIGHT BE GOOD NEWS FOR BEAGLE BOYS, INC.!

:Z:

THE BEST NEWS I COULD HEAR IS THAT WE'RE MOVING OUR CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OUTTA THIS FLEABAG HOTEL!

SPILL IT, 176-167!

:Z: ...EH?

YOU KNOW SCROOGE'S THREE GRAND-NEPHEWS? HUEY, DOOLEY AND LUIGI, OR WHATEVER?

THE ONES WHO ALL LOOK *EXACTLY ALIKE?* :CHUCKLE!:

THEY CRACK ME UP! YOU CAN'T TELL THE POOR JERKS APART! HAR HAR!

WELL, THOSE KIDS JUST WENT TEARING OUT OF THE MONEY BIN! THERE'S SOME SORTA *SERIOUS PROBLEM* UP THERE!

HO HO! THAT COULD MEAN AN INCREASE IN OUR STOCKHOLDER DIVIDENDS!

?

LET'S HIGHTAIL IT TO THE MONEY BIN AND SEE WHAT'S UP!

:SNICKER: I'D HATE TO BE ONE OF THOSE KIDS! I WOULDN'T KNOW *WHOSE* TEETH I WAS BRUSHING IN THE MORNING!

HEY!

*MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BIN, THE DUCKS' PROBLEMS ARE **SHRINKING AWAY**, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING...*

YOU DID *WHAT?!!*

GREAT LEAPING DISASTERS! WE'LL SHRINK AWAY TO *NOTHING!*

LUCKY FOR US IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER TO *REVERSE* THE SHRINKING RAY!

YEAH, THE KIDS WENT TO GET THE INSTRUCTIONS!

C'MON! WE NEED TO WAIT FOR THEM UPSTAIRS IN THE *WHOOPS!*

UNCLE SCROOGE, PLEASE TELL ME THIS ISN'T AN *ORDINARY-SIZED* SILVER DOLLAR!

NO, T'S NOT! IT'S AN ORDINARY-SIZED *DIME!*

LISTEN! AN EXPLO SION!

FORGET IT! WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE! HURRY TO THE LADDER!

BOOM!

JUST OUTSIDE

SISSY!

-GROAN: I DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE IN TIME!

DON'T YOU KNOW THE "MONEY BIN SHUFFLE" BY NOW? *HERE!*

OH YEAH... IT'S ONE, TWO, BACK, SIDESTEP, THREE, FOUR, TURN, HOP... IT'S COMING BACK TO ME!

MONEY BIN SHUFFLE

17

YEAH

SOMETHING TELLS ME ONCE WE'RE INSIDE THAT BIN, WE'LL HAVE IT *MADE!*

HA! I'VE ALREADY REACHED THE DOORS! *FOLLOW ME!*

NOW WHAT?

DON'T RUSH ME! THIS MIGHT TAKE AWHILE TO FIGURE OUT...

YAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

ZZZAAAAP!

NOW WHAT?

WE HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN FLICKERING LIGHTBULBS! *KEEP MOVING!*

WE'VE *GOT* TO BE BACK IN THE OFFICE WHEN THE KIDS RETURN!

HOW MUCH FARTHER IS IT?

RELATIVE TO OUR SIZE, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S WELL OVER A *MILE* TO THAT LADDER!

AND IT KEEPS GETTING RELATIVELY *FARTHER* AWAY EVERY MINUTE, EVEN THOUGH WE KEEP MOVING TOWARD IT THROUGH THIS *IMPOSSIBLE* OBSTACLE COURSE!

STOP WHINING AND COME ON! IN THE YUKON I CROSSED FRACTURE ZONES ON GLACIERS THAT WERE *WORSE* THAN THIS!

BUT EVEN IF WE GET TO THE LADDER, HOW WILL WE *CLIMB* IT? THE LOWEST RUNG WILL SEEM LIKE A *HUNDRED FEET HIGH* BY THEN!

THE GAPS BETWEEN THE COINS ARE STARTING TO LOOK LIKE *DEEP CAVES!* WHO KNOWS IF A *RAT* OR *COCKROACH* IS WAITING TO REACH OUT AND *GRAB* US?!

IF YOU DON'T SHADDUP AND GET MOVING, YOU'LL SOON NEED TO WORRY ABOUT BEING EATEN BY A HUNGRY *AMOEBA!* C'MON!!!

:GULP: MAYBE WE *ARE* IN TROUBLE! NOW THE SPACES ARE GETTING WIDE AS *RAVINES!*

LISTEN! I THINK I HEARD A PROTOZOA *SNEEZE* DOWN THERE!

YOU'RE NOT *THAT* SMALL YET! HERE — GRAB MY HAND!

YOW!

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE STANDING ON GEORGE WASHINGTON'S SHINY FOREHEAD!

OH, MY DWINDLING TAILFEATHERS...

DONALD!

:GLEEP!:

BOOMP!

HAAALLP!

TO BE CONCLUDED!

material is reprinted from sources in Europe and we have no control over what they draw, so that's our standard cop out for the art. We do have some control over the way dialogue is rescripted, however, so we'll try to watch it with regard to things like "stations" versus *"ranches" in the future. That's why it's important for folks like you to give us your input.*

We had honestly never heard about the military provenance of the turned-up hat, though, and always figured it to be standard Australian wear. Since Bruce McDuck is such a tightwad, though, doesn't it stand to reason that he wouldn't buy a new hat, but would instead purchase something from an army surplus store? Similarly, he probably wouldn't bail his wool if he didn't have to. That might cost him too much money!

As of yesterday's (11/22/96) mail delivery, I've not received issue 607 of ***WDC&S***. I believe they were to be shipped on the 21st of October. This has happened once before — an issue took more than eight weeks to be delivered. I don't see why it would take longer than a month. I tried to buy 607 at a comic store near my house, but they were sold out! Maybe they're not done with my copy at the Post Office or something (ha ha). Anyway, thanks for putting out such a fun comic!

By the way, is your Zip Code 86303 or 86302, or both?

John A. Berg
Seattle, WA

It's both. Our street address is 86303 and our Post Office box is 86302. We have inadvertently listed 86302 for our street address in some indicias, however.

Sorry you're experiencing such a delay getting your comics through the mail. Of course, we have no control over the Post Office, but in our experience they generally deliver second class material in a fairly timely manner. What's important is you do get them — and enjoy them!

Is there any chance we might see graphic albums with the COMPLETE COLLECTIONS of:

A.) Bucky Bug
B.) Li'l Bad Wolf
C.) Bre'r Rabbit

Is there any chance the we will EVER see any Little Lulu comics again? I would like to see the series picked up where the hardbound volumes left off — even black & white softcover reprints would be nice.

Pat Premo
PPREMO@sbu.edu

It's highly unlikely you'll see complete collections of any of the characters you mentioned. However, look for Bucky Bug and Li'l Bad Wolf to turn up in ***WDC&S*** *from time to time. Little Lulu is owned by Western Publishing and the last time we checked, they weren't interested in licensing any comic book rights for the character. Sorry.*

I'm glad the latest issue of **Walt Disney's Comics and Stories** (608) arrived! I finally got to read "Christmas on Bear Mountain"! It was so cool to see the first appearance of Scrooge McDuck.

By the way, are you by any chance planning any reprint Graphic Novels? If you are, I'd like you to reprint Mickey Mouse in "Blaggard Castle," Donald Duck in "Cash Clash," and Uncle Scrooge in "The Treasury of the Croesus," and a complete reprinting of "Mickey Mouse outwits the Phantom Blot." Plus other stories like: "Donald Duck Finds Pirate Gold," "The Gilded Man"; Mickey Mouse in "The Seven Ghosts," "Editor in Grief," "Death Valley," "Pluto the Pup"; Uncle Scrooge in "The Second Richest Duck," "Boat Buster," "The Midas Touch," and "Son of the Sun," plus more Phantom Blot stories like "The Phantom Blot Meets Mr. X" and "The Phantom Blot Meets Super Goof." Keep up the good work!

Roger North
Gainesville, Florida

Thanks for your suggestions, Roger. A lot of your requests have already been reprinted recently, or will be reprinted soon. The Barks Donald Duck stories are included in our 25-volume set of ***Donald Duck Adventures in Color*** *albums — "Pirate Gold" in issue 1 and "The Gilded Man" in issue 20. The Barks Uncle Scrooge stories will be in upcoming issues of our* ***Uncle Scrooge Adventures in Color*** *albums. Back issues are available if you don't already have them.*

Don Rosa's "Son of the Sun" will appear this month as part of our four-issue Rosa album series, and "Treasury of Croesus" will also appear in an album someday.

Since Gottfredson's "Phantom Blot," "Blaggard Castle," and "Pluto the Pup," as well as Gabner and Guardia's "Cash Clash," have just recently been published in ***WDC&S****, it's unlikely we'll do anything with them again in the near future. But the other Mickey stories you mentioned are definite possibilities for upcoming issues of* ***WDC&S****, or possibly our newest title* ***WDC&S Penny Pincher****.*

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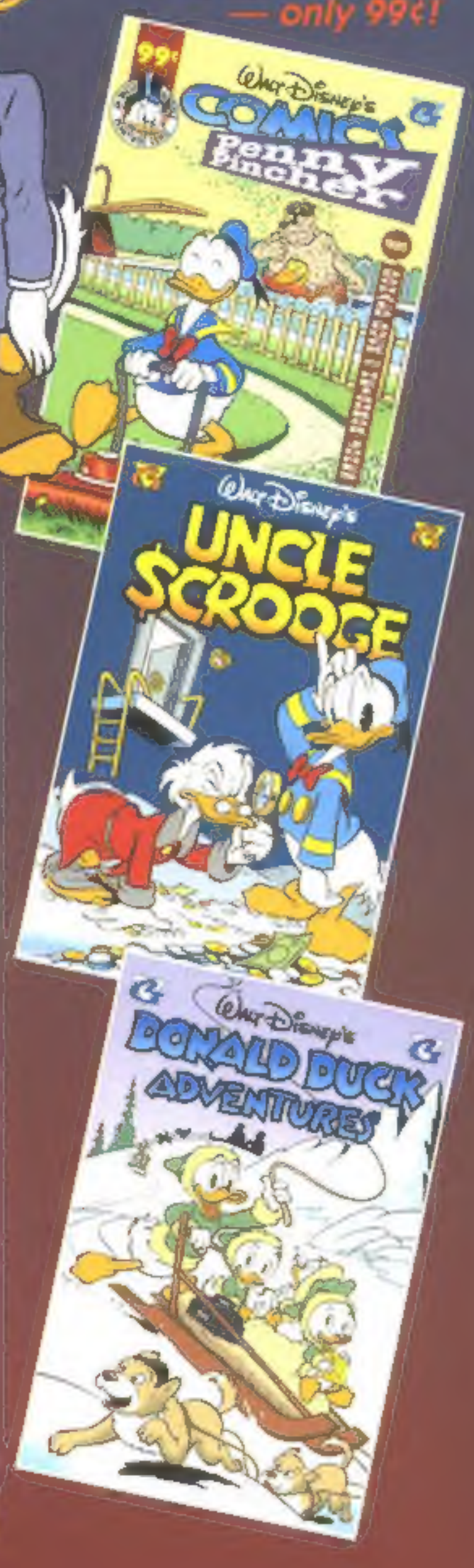

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